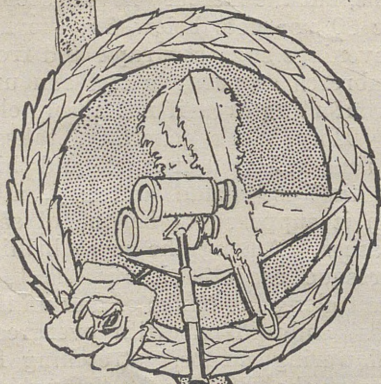
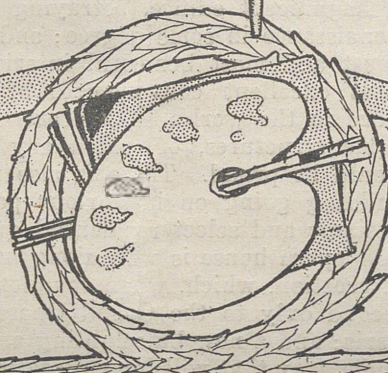


# Graphic



VOL. XXVIII Los Angeles, Cal., Mar. 28, 1908. No. 17



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# My Impressions of Modern Mexico.—III

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

Religion does not seem to be rampant, although there are hundreds of Catholic churches and chapels, and there are various Protestant denominations whose preachers conduct services Sundays and sometimes on week-day evenings. As is well known, there are rigid though not strictly inharmonious lines between Church and State; or, in other words, each establishment respects (or tolerates) if it does not esteem the other. Therefore, few people attend Catholic masses and other services, except on holy days, and these attendants are mostly women; once I visited the Cathedral and counted forty-four women and only two men, and these latter were American sight-seers; upon another occasion I dropped into the church of San Juan de Dios and counted seventy women, twenty-two children and three old men. As a matter of fact, while the Mexican men have been born and christened and married under the auspices of the Catholic church, the great majority of them are entirely negligent of their obligations, except during Holy Week. The only people who attend church in round numbers are the English, while the Americans devote Sundays to rest, suburban jaunts and cards, and the pastors of their churches dilate prosily upon the tergiversations of Solomon and David, Saint Peter and Saint Paul, in the presence of a few gaudily-attired women and impatient children and an occasional man; indeed—and I say this “with malice toward none, and with charity for all”—the average well-to-do American in the City of Mexico takes a higher degree of interest in a substantial jack-pot than he does in Christ's Sermon on the Mount; and I may really say about the same of the Englishman and the Mexican, who have been beguiled into the mysterious mathematics and prodigious surprises of that most fascinating of all exercises—draw poker.

There are numbers of good daily and weekly newspapers in the City of Mexico, representing four languages. The Mexican “Herald,” which is known as “the American newspaper,” is the best of all. It is published every morning, and is as much patronized by the Mexicans and French as by the Americans and English. It is a large twelve-page paper (24 pages Sundays), has the Associated Press dispatches, which means that it has from ten to twelve columns of cable and telegraphic news from all over the world; while its local railroad, commercial, mining and society news betray the ability and brightness that exist behind the scenes. Its editorials are quite as good as those in the New York “Sun” and Springfield “Republican.” Its office is equipped with fast presses and linotypes, and all other first-class journalistic accessories. The “Record” is a sprightly evening paper (in English) and a favorite with Americans. And there are several weekly and monthly illustrated periodicals quite up to anything of their kind in the United States.

There is much to delight along the line of what is known as sight-seeing by all tourists, and which points are undoubtedly elaborately treated of in all guide books. I

would just suggest, however, that visitors should, in their own good, easy way, take in the National Museum, the Picture Gallery, the Castle of Chapultepec, the Monte de Piedad, the Plaza Mayor, La Alameda, Paseo de la Viga, Paseo de la Reforma, the main market, the iron market and the Thieves' Market. The National Palace, where are the offices of the President and all his cabinet ministers, is one of the great sights, if one has an influential friend, as I did, to take him through all its parts; it is quite as interesting and historical as the Palace at Versailles, more sumptuously furnished, and adorned with superb paintings, statuary and much silver and gold. The postoffice is a magnificent edifice, betraying the Italian Renaissance in some degree; and it has the finest and most beautiful interior and the most excellent conveniences of any post-office in the world. There are many other noble structures, of which any metropolis would be proud. There is also much huge building going on in various parts of the business and select residential quarters. A new opera house is well along in its course of erection, which, when completed, will be second only to the Grand Opera House in Paris; and a new bull-fighting arena is well under way that will have a seating capacity for twenty thousand and be the handsomest and completest in the world. There are several splendid bank buildings, and there are numerous stores that compare favorably with many of the most attractive in Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, London and Paris. There are Red Cross and temperance societies, Young Men's Christian Association, Daughters of the Revolution and of the Confederacy, and other organizations that have an American flavor and meaning. The one very weak thing in the City of Mexico is the first-class hotel—there being no such feature according to the American standard; and there are only two first-class restaurants.

Regarding the value of American money as against that of Mexican money, as a matter of fact there is not much disparity, on the whole. It is a very nice thing, of course, to hand out a hundred American dollars and receive two hundred Mexican dollars in return; but right here the financial phantasmagoria comes to an end, as the Mexican whole dollar only goes as far as an American half dollar in purchases, thus: The room for which you pay two or three dollars in American money in Los Angeles costs from four to six dollars in Mexican money in Mexico; and the meal that costs a dollar and a half here is three dollars there; and all wines, liquors, beers and cigars figure almost exactly the same. Shoes that are labeled twelve dollars in the City of Mexico are six dollars in Los Angeles, and a suit of clothes “marked down” to thirty dollars in Los Angeles cannot be purchased for less than sixty dollars in Mexico; and woolen hats, shirts and all kinds of men's furnishing goods in the same proportion. Thus, there is really no glowing eventuality from the bare act of receiving two Mexican dollars for one of our good American own.

In the midst of so much glow I cannot refrain from referring to the “tip” evil, which is quite as much of an incubus in Mexico as in Switzerland and France and other European countries, and which is obtaining enormously throughout the United States. Particularly everybody connected with hotels and restaurants—from chief clerks down to porters and elevator operators—waylays not only the parting, but the incoming guest; and all messengers and baggage-masters, and most shop-keepers and hackmen, expect a small tip no matter how trivial the business intercourse. The barber who shaves you and the bar-keeper who serves you, the laundress who attends to your soiled linen and the chambermaid who has charge of your bed, all expect frequent even if unsubstantial tips; and these and many others expect to be tipped handsomely on all feast days and on their own birthdays—and I must admit that feast days and birthdays are mighty plentiful in this beautiful land of sunshine, manana and joy.

I have often been asked: “When is the best time to visit Mexico City?” And my reply is: “Any time.” Of my own knowledge, March, April and May are superb months to be in the Mexican Capital; the climate is much like that of Southern California in November, except that there is an occasional shower of an evening accompanied by the grandest of thunder and lightning. There is embraced in these months a number of fete days; and fete days in Mexico are all that the word implies—splendid music in the Alameda and Zocolo; and in the latter great square, or plaza, decorated buildings, military evolutions, floral pageants, brilliant illumination of the Cathedral, fireworks, and a kaleidoscopic commingling of costumes, manners, languages and nationalities. There are a few hot hours each day in these three months, but the mercury never ascends much above 80 nor gets below 60; the mornings and evenings suggest wraps, and from 11 to 4 sombreros or parasols and sun umbrellas are comforting even if not absolutely necessary. Holy Week generally takes place some time in March or April, and this means much that is jocund and gay, albeit the season is supposed to be one of sack-cloth and ashes. Among the most brilliant and picturesque conceits known is the floral pageant along the banks of and on the Viga, a canal embroidered with evergreen trees and flowering shrubs, stretching from a border of the city down through Santa Anita, two or three miles, and then a further league to the far-famed floating gardens of the ancient inhabitants, on the seventh day before Holy Thursday. There are those who very much prefer what is known as the rainy season, which commences on or about the first of June and lasts until the latter part of September or first of October; these rains are as regular in every way as if Jupiter Pluvius operated a vast sprinkling-pot and showered the City of Mexico every night for one hundred and twenty consecutive ones and yielded to the dictum of the im-

(Continued on Page 5)



R. H. Hay Chapman  
Editor

# Graphic

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## Matters of Moment

### Defiance of Authority.

The "strained relations" between the faculty and the student body of Stanford University suggests a lesson which should not be confined to the campus. At this writing it is not known if the faculty committee on student affairs will have the strength to stand their ground. There have been indications of danger that they would weakly and meekly surrender to the dictation of the undergraduates and abandon their authority, or at least that an appeal against the committee's ruling could be made successfully to President Jordan. Such a surrender would not only be shameful and destructive of future discipline in the University, but would be a most menacing announcement to every insubordinate lad who heard of it that all authority can be contested successfully as long as the attack is sufficiently impudent and organized.

The question whether the punishment imposed by the faculty committee on student affairs was unfair or unduly severe need not be debated. It is immaterial. When once rendered the verdict of a governing body in a university—or anywhere else—should be indisputable, and the victims of even an exaggerated or injudicious penalty should accept an unjust punishment rather than permit themselves, or be permitted, to defy authority.

If two or three hundred students of Stanford choose to "strike" rather than recognize authority, let them "strike" and their names be expunged forever from the roll of the university. Their defiance of established authority and confidence that their "demands" would be recognized, if made loudly and unanimously enough, amounts to revolution. One can imagine no more shameful exhibition of cowardice on the part of the Stanford faculty than to be scared into such a surrender, and it would be difficult to conjure a more lasting blemish to the debit of the university than such a surrender would entail.

The insurrection at Stanford is at once instructive and a danger signal. It reflects the tendency of the young idea of this gen-

eration to defy authority, a tendency that is so universal as to be a grave menace to the future of the nation. There are various causes for this contempt of authority, this aversion to discipline. We are proud of the self-reliance and independence of the American lad, but if those virtues must be gained at the price of vicious insubordination, disobedience and defiance of authority, it is time to call a halt. It is a lamentable fact, which no careful observer can deny, that the boy of the twentieth century has by no means the same respect for his elders (and—it used to be—his "betters") as the lad of a generation ago. The average youth of today is so cocksure a person that he is apt to regard even his father as ignorant and not up-to-date and his teachers and masters as perhaps well-meaning but stupid old fogies. These views when openly expressed or displayed by a swaggering scorn and defiance are accepted too frequently as evidence of manly independence or humorous smartness. Such sentiments form in reality evidence of a startling decline in discipline, a deterioration in decency, and are a sharp menace to good citizenship.

If boys at school or students at the University are permitted to defy established authority, what respect are they likely to entertain for law and order in the larger world? The gravest danger to the health of a nation is discovered in contempt for law—in the subtle heresy that the law and the courts can be forced to bend to powerful influences or public clamor. The same yellow journals which place themselves above the courts and condemn their verdicts, whenever the law does not happen to coincide with their desires or when they regard court decisions as unpopular, give all possible encouragement to such revolts against constituted authority as that which is disgracing Stanford University. The insurrectionary students have been exploited as worthy martyrs, just as every apology is made by certain newspapers for other "strikers" when they damage property, menace life, and defy law and order.

It is to be hoped not merely for the credit

and future of Stanford University, but for the good of the State of California, that established authority, as represented by the faculty committee, will be staunchly upheld.

### Sunday Rest League.

This week the Sunday Rest League shows some signs of renewed activity. The Rev. Francis Ireland attained some local notice a few months ago—he being chief aid to Mr. Earl and the "Express" in their anti-theater agitation—as the secretary of the Sunday Rest organization. He succeeded in gathering his official forces during the week and notices were sent to the "Express"—and duly published—that from this time forth Los Angeles is to be the scene of a Sunday closing campaign.

It is indeed a satisfaction to realize that the population of the city is steadily growing; for the larger the city gets the less chance people of Mr. Ireland's calibre will have to impress their peculiar notions on all men and women.

Mr. Ireland's activities and those of his ministerial allies are, as everyone knows, directed primarily at the theaters. We know that the word "theater" spells S-I-N in the dictionaries of Mr. Ireland's chief supporters, but frankly we see no more inherent sin in the theater than we do in the trolley car and the fishing rod and the newspaper and the shot gun and in divers other devices of Satan to beguile the children of men. We believe it as wicked for the trolley cars to operate on Sunday as it is for the theaters to be open; and if by any possible chance Mr. Ireland and Mr. Earl and Mr. Letts succeed in their anti-theater crusade, we hope they will press on and close the drug stores, the restaurants, the cigar stores and the Sunday newspapers; that the trolley cars will be stopped, that the Sunday fishing trip and hunting trip and picnic will be made unlawful. We favor a reasonably wide open Sunday—not a wide open day. But if any steps are to be taken toward closing the town, we want it closed absolutely, closed so tight that it will be made a misdemeanor to laugh and a finable offense to kiss your



wife. If the blue laws are to be attempted even in a mild form, we favor going the limit; bring on the ultramarine pot and paint the place the proper hue.

Every reader of the "Graphic" knows where we stand on the Sunday closing plans being formulated by Mr. Ireland, Mr. Earl and Mr. Letts. We shall resist to the end this sort of legislation, believing that it does not make for the good of the greatest number. But if the Ireland-Earl-Letts campaign succeeds as to theaters we expect to advocate a general closing. The best method to show the injustice and idiocy of drastic Sunday laws is to insist upon the limit. Then, and only then, the common sense of the public asserts itself.

#### A Step Backward.

For years every student of politics has been impressed by the essential importance of the primary election. Every advocate of political reform has preached the sound doctrine that unless the people will take part in the preliminary steps for the choice of candidates there is no chance to rescue either party or government from the control of the "machine," which almost invariably prefers the interests of corporations to those of communities. Innumerable primary laws have been drawn, passed, doctored and reenacted. There have been holes in most of them, and the present primary law of California, recently upheld by the Supreme Court, is certainly far from satisfactory if such interpretation can be placed upon it as that designed by the Republican State Committee for use at the primaries in May.

The true purpose of the primary election,—and the only valid purpose if the wishes of the people are to be served,—is to provide for the fullest expression possible of public interest in party control and destiny. "Vote at the primaries" is the earnest slogan of all who wish to see the choice of candidates actually representative of the people. The false purpose of the primary is that which usually has succeeded—to get out only the vote that is controlled by the "machine." When the primary vote is confined to these limits, the rest of the machine's course is comparatively plain sailing. Steering a convention is child's play, as long as there is a safe majority of delegates who are willing to be steered.

The exact provisions of the present primary law in California are sufficiently drastic to prevent fraudulent voting—that is to prevent a Democrat voting a Republican ticket at a primary or vice versa. The law provides, wherever the primary law is in force, that at the time of registering "each elector shall declare the name of the party with which he intends to affiliate" . . . "and no person shall be entitled to vote at any primary election (by virtue of such registration) unless he has stated the name of the party with which he intends to affiliate at the time of registration." This surely was sufficient safeguard for the public interest, but it was not enough for the schemes of the professional politicians, at whose behest the Legislature a year ago passed another law which provided that "the governing committee of any political party when filing its petition or application for place on the primary ballot, shall at the same time . . . file a resolution prescribing the party test necessary for an elector to vote for the delegates to the nominating conven-

tion of said party, in addition to the qualifications prescribed by law. None but the persons who possess the qualifications prescribed by law and the resolution of said party convention of said party committee must be permitted to vote for delegates to the nominating convention of said party."

The Republican State Committee has taken the fullest advantage of this very wide provision and has prepared the following arbitrary and exclusive test, by which any Republican desirous of participating in the primary may be confronted and challenged:

I, ———, do solemnly pledge myself to vote for and support the nominees of the Republican party at the general election to be held in the State of California Tuesday, November 3, 1908.

In other words, "the governing committee" of the Republican party can insist on a pledge of blind adherence by vote and support to every nominee on the ticket before a citizen is permitted to vote at a primary. Such a proscription is a body-blow at the independent voter. No self-respecting and independent citizen, however staunch a Republican in national politics, will consent to take so binding an oath, which compels him to vote and support a straight party ticket. In the past there have been objectionable or unworthy men selected by Republican conventions for service in the State Legislature. The Republican who desires to participate in his party primary is to be bound by a solemn oath to support the most unfit candidate for the Legislature, if such be nominated, with as much loyalty and enthusiasm as he devotes to the presidential electors. The exaction of such a pledge amounts to an impertinent disfranchisement at the party primary of all but the blindest and most slavish followers of the "machine." It is calculated to annihilate the usefulness of the primary, by relegating the control of the party to the hands of those from whom the primary is designed to provide opportunity to wrest it.

#### Good Roads Campaign.

Gradually the plans of the Highway Commission are being perfected and before long the people of Los Angeles county will be called upon to decide by their votes whether a highway system worthy of the county will become a reality.

After traveling through the well settled bay district near San Francisco, the roads of Los Angeles county become crude by comparison. The roads in the bay district are the very apple of the eye of all travelers; the roads in Los Angeles county, with few exceptions, are not to be mentioned in the same breath.

The question, when it is submitted, will be so plain that there can be no misunderstanding it.

To the orchardist and rancher, to the wheelman, to the autoist, the hotel man, to all classes, results will accrue. Everybody gets pecuniary returns, some directly, some indirectly but none the less surely.

The moral of all this is that when the Highway Commission gets ready to report, the result of its labors should be read and studied by all men; and that if its report is satisfactory and sensible—as there is no reason now to doubt—the proper course is to adopt it and get busy with road construction.

#### Prediction Fulfilled.

The breakdown of the Spreckels Prosecution in San Francisco appears to be abject and complete. Nearly a year ago the "Graphic" predicted that such a result was inevitable, because it already appeared that all sense of justice and fair play had been sacrificed to a conspiracy of personal revenge. Public sentiment at that time was so inflamed by a sensational press and by the passionate threats and promises of the special prosecutor that there was small pause for any consideration of the truth or merits of the prosecution's claims. Rudolph Spreckels, Francis J. Heney and William J. Burns were the heroes of the hour. They could do no wrong. They were devoting their lives and Spreckels's fortune to the extirpation of evil. In an interview which the "Graphic" had with Mr. Heney in San Francisco May 17, 1907, he assured our representative that the report that the supervisors had been granted immunity was "newspaper rot." Twice he denied its existence. At that moment the "Graphic" had an alleged copy of the immunity contract granted to the supervisors, which afterwards turned out to be a true copy. When it was showed to Mr. Heney he reluctantly admitted that there was "something like it." During the same interview Mr. Heney vehemently insisted "Ruef is such a liar." And yet, one week later, through Heney's efforts, scores of indictments were returned by the Grand Jury, against Patrick Calhoun, Thornwell Mullally, Tiley L. Ford and William M. Abbott of the United Railroads, on the testimony of "such a liar." It was also mainly on the testimony of "such a liar" and through Heney's efforts that a bushel of indictments were returned against the officials of other public corporations and the Parkside Realty Company. It was on the testimony of "such a liar" also that Heney expressed his confidence of "getting" William F. Herrin. The "Graphic" once had great faith in Mr. Heney. That interview destroyed it.

What is the conviction of nine men out of ten in San Francisco today? They see that the Spreckels prosecution has broken down and is on the eve of "blowing up," because its leader and financier did not care a fig for the punishment of Ruef or Schmitz or the band of boodling supervisors, but bent all his energies and spent a fortune in the vain hope of punishing one man—Patrick Calhoun, a personal enemy, who had dared to resent the Spreckels dictation in the operation of the United Railroads and who made the Spreckels-Phelan scheme of a rival system an idle dream. Now, nine men out of ten in San Francisco wanted to see Ruef and Schmitz punished, even if the self-confessed criminal supervisors must go free. No better summary of public opinion in San Francisco today has been made than by the "Argonaut," which in a masterly review of the history and downfall of the Spreckels prosecution declares: "In truth, as matters stand today, every essential purpose originally aimed at in the anti-graft movement has been abandoned. The anti-graft movement is no longer a movement against the grafters: it is a fight on the part of a few smirched and discredited men, detected in purposes of malice and exposed in a dozen low intrigues, to employ certain usurped powers still in their hands against certain special enemies. If ever there was a ghost



of moral purpose in their plans, it has been lost in the clamor of the fight and in bickerings among themselves."

Some one has calculated that the mass of affidavits in the Ruef case amounts to over half a million words, of which Francis J. Heney has contributed at least one hundred thousand. From that mass of affidavits it is doubtful if the whole truth of an unparalleled conspiracy can ever be gleaned. But the essential facts are beyond any doubt. First, Spreckels and his assistants were perfectly willing that Ruef should go scot-free—should be treated "the same as the supervisors"—provided his testimony would convict the "higher-ups" and particularly Patrick Calhoun. Second, that Ruef, while he fenced with this tremendous temptation and probably made the agents of the Prosecution believe that his evidence would be of greater value to their plans that it could possibly be, refused to commit perjury by which innocent men should be sent to the penitentiary and he should secure his own freedom.

#### The Little Brown Man.

The greatest problem in the world's civilization is the Japanese. It is idle to refer to him as a Mongolian of the same style or type as the Chinese. For the yellow-skinned gentleman whose smile is "child-like and bland" wears the same baggy clothing as he did in the eighteenth century. He totally ignores an advancing civilization and his language contains no word which defines our American word "progress."

The Japanese, however, shows his ability to readjust himself to his surroundings in a thousand different ways. He dresses as

much like an American as possible and will seek the most menial employment in order to acquire an oral knowledge of the English language.

It is just fifty-two years ago that the Japanese bought two old propellers—the "Astoria" and the "Underwriter"—at a United States Marshal's sale at San Francisco and fitted them up as war vessels, the former carrying six guns and the latter four. Thirteen years ago at the battle of Yah-Lee, the Japanese squadron, officered by natives, met a Chinese fleet officered by Englishmen and one American. To say that the Chinese ships were "wiped off the face of the earth" expresses it very mildly. Next came the war with Russia in which the Japanese fleets defeated one-half of the Muscovite squadron in a stand-up fight and torpedoed the other half out of existence.

It is not as a belligerent alone that the Japanese is to be feared. He must be considered as an industrial menace.

About sixteen years ago a cotton mill in Oakland, Cal., was thrown into bankruptcy by its creditors. Some Japanese capitalists bought the machinery, which they placed in a factory that they built near Yokohama. Now that mill is the smallest one of six in the island kingdom! The Santa Fe railway brings to San Diego from 4,000 to 6,000 bales of cotton every month, for reshipment to Japan. They already have captured the Australian markets for cotton goods, having driven out the English fabrics; and they have also driven out all the American fabrics except the very highest class, for which, after all, there is only a limited market. In all lines of cotton goods for which there is a strong demand and a ready sale, the

Japanese is "monarch" in the land of the kangaroo.

In years gone by the Santa Clara and San Joaquin valleys gave employment to thousands of white men, women and boys and girls during the fruit picking and curing season. Now the fruit grower will not think of giving work to Americans, to whom he must pay decent wages. He goes to a Japanese employment agency and gets a crew of Japanese to pick his fruit and pack it for the market and he now pays about one-half of what he had to pay before the advent of Mongolians.

When the question of excluding the Japanese, as well as the Chinese, was mooted by the newspapers, from whom did the first protest emanate? From the fruit growers of California, whose experience with the white and Japanese labor in their orchards had taught them the advisability of employing the Japanese.

And speaking of the Japanese as an industrial menace, here is another serious thing to contemplate—the withdrawal of the Spreckels line of steamers from the Australian trade, and their recent sale to Japanese firms. This practically means the total disappearance of the American flag from the South Pacific ocean except for the smaller vessels employed in the coastwise trade and maybe a few old-time "limejuicers" which cut no figure in competition with modern steam craft. That the supremacy of the Pacific ocean is now within the grasp of the little brown man, we Americans have nobody to blame for but ourselves, and our lack of patriotism.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

## My Impressions of Modern Mexico.—III

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN — (Continued from page 2)

perial orb each morning. In other words, the days of these four months are warm and sunny and refreshed by a precipitation regularly each evening or from sunset till sunrise. Following this rainy season October and November, December and January come with their wealth of grasses and flowers, and the same magnificent weather that follows the winter rains in Southern California prevails. There are those who are in ecstasies even over the expectation of these four or five months of ideal temperature, and pronounce this the best time of all for a sojourn. During this interlude occur the holidays, with Christmas as the incontrovertible apex of all, when every store and arcade arrays itself in its most bewitching attire, when miles of the most beautiful and most delicious pastry in the world are illuminated by colored wax candles and incandescents, when big bands make excellent music in the parks and when everybody seems joyous and grateful, hospitable and kind. As a matter of fact, therefore, the best time to visit Mexico is whenever chance offers—there are climatic blandishments nearly every day in the year.

\* \* \*

I would recommend that all tourists visit San Angel, a suburb reached by trolley cars via Churubusco, where an afternoon may be spent most agreeably, to say nothing of an excellent dejeuner at the San Angel Inn. Guadalupe is also reached by a trolley line, where there is a wonderful bubbling well of mineral water highly charged with sulphur,

iodine, iron and other curative properties, over which the Virgin is believed by many to preside; whether this be legendary or not, no one should fail to visit Guadalupe, ascend its wondrous steps, and quaff deeply of its remarkable waters. Four hours over the National Railroad takes the tourist to Amecameca, at the base of Popocatepetl, the highest mountain except one in North America, where there are many interesting features, conspicuously the Sacred Mountain, Cave of the Saint, Path of the Passion, Indian Market, and other points never to be forgotten; and five hours over the Mexican Central to Cuernavaca, the summer resort of Cortez and Maximilian, and one of the most unique and highly-attractive places in all Mexico.

Perhaps the most enjoyable short trip out of the City of Mexico and the object to be attained is that to Puebla, which is made over the Inter-Oceanic Railroad in about five hours. The way is through haciendas and ranches of maguey plants extending through panoramic valleys, alongside numerous lakes and over and beyond picturesque spurs of the Cordilleras, and through seemingly illimitable stretches of corn, wheat and other grains. Puebla is in many respects the most beautiful and interesting city in Mexico. It is simply charming; and, on the whole, it is to me one of the most irresistibly fascinating places I have ever visited. The days are balmy and warm and the nights of that delicious coolness that makes a single blanket necessary. The

streets are all paved with huge blocks of stone and are kept as clean as any in the world; the sidewalks are made and kept in the same way, and many of the houses are built of tile, while the arcades have no superior anywhere. Four great extinct volcanoes may be seen, Popocatepetl and Orizaba each being nearly 18,000 feet. The Cathedral interior is much the finest and prettiest on the continent; and Puebla has, besides, seventy odd imposing churches for its 100,000 inhabitants. Its military history is renowned, and it has seen many great battles, owing to its highly strategic position.

In connection with my observations concerning the attractions of the Mexican capital I must not forget to speak glowingly of the magnificent music furnished its inhabitants by the Government; for there are as fine bands as can be found anywhere on the globe and much finer than any in California. These play four or five hours, day and evening, Thursdays and Sundays, on the Alameda, and other days on the Plaza, and twice a week at Chapultepec. The Mexican people are mightily fond of music and gather by the tens of thousands to hear these excellent bands. There is music in hundreds of other places throughout the city. The people are intense patrons of bull fights, cock fights and moving pictures. They are also extremely fond of dancing—that is, of waltzing—for no more

"Beneath sweet eve's consenting star  
Fandango twists his jocund castanet."



## By the Way

## School Bonds.

No one need be surprised at the necessity for more school buildings, for the city's growth is regular and steady. Superintendent E. C. Moore has submitted to the board of education the details. The Polytechnic high school is so badly crowded that some 200 would-be students were refused admission this year. The Polytechnic is, without doubt, the most practical and valuable institution of the entire school system, and the call for funds for the enlargement of this school is one that should be met promptly. The high school building on Fort Moore Hill has outlived its usefulness, and should be replaced. Finally Mr. Moore's recommendation that the next grammar school building should be constructed of reinforced concrete, is timely and wise. I have hitherto contended that Los Angeles has too many wooden school buildings and to this belief the school department subscribes.

Children's pictures in characteristic attitudes

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## Over Subscribed.

Writing of bonds, the city of Los Angeles is to be congratulated that the \$510,000 Owens River water bond issue is over subscribed. The list of the heaviest subscribers to the bonds follows: Security Savings Bank, \$160,000; German-American Savings Bank, \$100,000; American National Bank, \$68,000; Los Angeles Trust Company, \$25,000; Broadway Bank & Trust Company, \$25,000; Central National Bank, \$25,000; Southern Trust Company, \$25,000; Title Guarantee & Trust Company, \$20,000; Title Insurance & Trust Company, \$10,000; J. M. Elliott (for a friend), \$10,000. Now that this issue has been entirely absorbed by local investors, it will be taken by Eastern bond buyers as due notice that Los Angeles really means to bring its water supply from a source 260 miles distant.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

## Perkins.

As long as the "Express" keeps up its rapid fire campaign against Senator George C. Perkins, the chances of that wily statesman for re-election grow brighter. Perkins is absolutely a unique figure in politics. The apostle of Glad Hand and the master of Brush Down he has few real political friends. He can get on four sides of the political fence without so much as turning a hair. Possessing all of the qualities which in any other man would bring defeat and rout, he is at the same time the hardest man to beat, that imagination can conjure up. Perkins' chances will be vastly improved if the "Express" will only keep at him, hammer and tongs.

## Mrs. Doria Jones.

With the death of Mrs. Doria Jones there passes one of the notable pioneers of the city. Mrs. Jones came to Los Angeles forty-seven years ago, and saw the village develop into a city. She possessed much business ability, and her investments, made from time to time, increased enormously in value. At the age of eighty-four her mind was unimpaired, and up to a few days prior to her death the alert, kindly brain was unclouded. She was a most charitable woman, and humanity is better because she lived. Mrs. Jones left three children, Mark G. Jones and Mrs. J. B. Lankershim of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Henry Williams Simpson of New York.

## Burnham.

When the Clearing House Association decided to create a local bank examiner the step was calculated to increase the confidence felt in local banking institutions; when the Clearing House decided that R. W. Burnham is the proper man for that position, it was evidence to those who know that the wisest possible selection had been made. Mr. Burnham was out of the city during the early part of the week and there was no means of knowing at the time

this was written, whether he would accept. Mr. Burnham, by reason of his connection with R. G. Dun & Co., as manager, has attained a high degree of confidence and respect in the business community; no man is better known; no one's judgment is more sound and respected. I trust that he will find it to his interest to accept the position.

## "The Secret Orchard."

At the imminent risk of trampling on the preserves of the "Graphic's" dramatic critic I want to go on record as protesting against the production of such plays as "The Secret Orchard," which holds the boards at the Belasco this week. No reason except box office considerations can be advanced for its production. Its morals are hopeless, its sentiments bad and its tone absolutely false. It smells of the muckheap and its odor would disgrace a half kept kennel. Founded on a morbid novel of the same name, Channing Pollock, the adapter, has stripped the story to the bare and bald dominant fact. There is no veiling the story. The Duke of Cluny, married to a childless wife, meets and ruins the illegitimate daughter of a courtesan. The Duchess of Cluny adopts this daughter, Joy; and Joy and her betrayer meet again in the Duke's home. The Duke's confidante, Jacques Favereau, who knows all of the facts, advises him to brazen it out. He does so even to the point of giving his consent to the marriage of Joy to a relative. Inevitably the wheels of fate



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grind to the point that he must make a confession. The play ends—as the book does not—in the Duke's relation, an American naval officer, still determined to make Joy his wife. Therein is the capstone of the falsity of the play; Channing Pollock would have it that the woman who sins can atone. That may be the doctrine preached by Christ, but it is not the inexorable law of society.

#### Suppression.

Hard upon the heels of the production of "The Secret Orchard" comes the report that District Attorney Langdon of San Francisco has suppressed "A Millionaire's Revenge," which, based on the Thaw-White tragedy, was produced Monday evening at the Central Theater. In threatening to proceed against the management Mr. Langdon said:

"I consider that this play tends to perpetuate one of the most revolting chapters in the history of crime in America. It is a menace to the morals of our people, especially our young, and so violently opposed to public welfare that its continuance would clearly be in violation of that section of the code drawn to protect our citizens from indecent and immoral performances. I sat through the play, though at the end of the first act I was strongly tempted to stop the play then and there for the reason that the

audience was made up largely of young people, some boys and girls being not more than fourteen years old."

While I have had no particular admiration for District Attorney Langdon these are sentiments which I must commend.

#### Failure.

"The Secret Orchard" met with deserved failure in New York. It ought to fail everywhere. Not a single wholesome lesson can be extracted from the mess—not a man or woman is made better by having seen it. If the theaters are to fulfill their mission as teachers of the people, the management must have the innate good sense and good taste to abstain from dosing their patrons with such nauseous draughts.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First class service for first class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

#### Gamewell.

I notice that another deal is on with the Gamewell fire alarm people by which the city is to get fifty more boxes—at an extravagant figure of course. I never could understand the firm alliance existing between various city officials and the Gamewell people, but I suspect that politics is at the bottom of most of the affinity that is ever plainly in evidence.

#### Foster System Better.

The plain truth is that a better alarm system has been devised and patented and is constantly used by a citizen of Los Angeles. I refer of course to the Foster system employed by special officer C. L. Foster in the Westlake district. From time to time various city officials—councilmen among the number—have had ocular demonstration of the superiority of Foster's system. Demonstrations entirely satisfactory to all have been given. The Foster plan goes further than the Gamewell; not only can every man on the beat communicate with the central office but the central office can instantly send a general alarm to every officer on his beat. Fire alarms are well handled by the system. After every trial the investigators have pronounced the Foster system more satisfactory—and have promptly gone back to the Gamewell. I suggest to Councilmen Dromgold and Wallace, who are opposing paying the Gamewell an exorbitant price for its boxes, that they investigate the Foster system, if they are not already familiar with it, and that they proceed to probe this Gamewell ring to the bottom.

#### Fire Apparatus.

The latest Gamewell development, of course, applies only to fire department purchases, but I never hear the word "Gamewell" without wanting to know the exact nature of the influence with the city authorities, that the Gamewell outfit exerts. And I cannot help wondering "why."

#### Wine and Prohibition.

Those vineyardists at Fresno who contemplate opposing the prohibition movement, with a state-wide campaign for the temperate use of wine, do not realize the legal position which the wine industry of California occupies. When the Viticultural

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Commission was organized in 1880, the position of the state was decided as favoring the production of wine and brandy, the supreme court so holding in a case which originated in Merced County. When the Viticultural Commission was abolished in 1895, the policy of the state was specifically declared and the University of California was authorized and directed to carry on the work of the commission. I have always thought that in consequence of the decision of the Supreme Court and the legislation subsequently enacted, no local legislative body, such as a board of supervisors, or board of town trustees or a city council, has any legal right to interfere with the manufacture and sale of wine and brandy. I do not mean by this that any wine maker has the right to open up a bar. I do believe that it would be possible and legal for a wine maker to establish himself in Hollywood, Long Beach, Pomona or Riverside, and that as long as he sold only his own product by the demijohn, case or in bottles, the local authorities could not interfere with him.

**One On Herr.**

Archie Rice, the humorous raconteur of the San Francisco "Chronicle," makes Fred Herr the hero of the following yarn:

"Were we asleep at the switch?" chuckled Sam Booth of the Union Pacific. "Why, Fred just returned here today direct from Magdalena Bay. He hurried down there on a coast steamer from San Diego and arrived last Thursday, same time as the fleet. Did he do anything? Oh, no! He interviewed every marine and sailor that's going to get his discharge while in California waters, and he fixed him for the trip East over the Union Pacific. I tell you, you've got to take your hat off to Herr!"

"Oh, he had a pretty wife along to help him?" suggested a man in the group.

"No; went down alone. Down in Los Angeles the other agents are all sore now at Herr."

"So the real modern siren that lured the men-of-war men to the Union Pacific is down in Los Angeles, eh?"

"What are you talking about? Fred did the work all alone. Fred Herr."

"Oh."

"Oh!"

**Schade.**

The city is assured of competent and thorough gas inspection by the appointment of William Schade as City Gas Inspector. Born in Magdeburg, Germany, in 1854, Mr. Schade received a collegiate education and later attended the university at Heidelberg. His technical education and his practical experience in the manufacture of gas combine to make his appointment eminently appropriate. Mr. Schade is a man of irreproachable character and habits. When he came to Los Angeles in 1885 he established himself as an architect and builder. From 1888 to 1896 he was in full charge of the construction work of the Hemet Land & Water Company. Mr. Schade's appointment is one that does credit to the Harper administration.

**Modern Mexico.**

The third of the series of Major Truman's "Impressions of Modern Mexico" concludes his portrayal of scenes in the Mexican capital. In his fourth contribution, which will

appear next week, the writer will present his views on sights in Guadalajara, Vera Cruz, Chihuahua, Cuernavaca, and other scenic cities.

**A Little Knocker.**

I do not suppose the San Francisco "Call" has any circulation in Southern California. There is certainly no reason why it should have, for it is edited from the most narrowly parochial point of view conceivable. The "Call" never enjoys its little self so hugely as when it is reviling conditions south of the Tehachapi. The decision of the navy department to separate the Atlantic Fleet into four divisions after its arrival at San Pedro gave the picayune "Call" opportunity for a thrilling gloat. "There are so many of these 'harbors,' so-called," says the "Call," "and their accommodations are so extended—most of them reach out as far as China—that it is feared that even our big armada can not find ships enough to go around. . . . There is the Ballona Slough and Anaheim landing and Newport bay, in all of which the 'combined navies of the world' might ride the rolling deep in safety, with the added advantage that the beach campers could board the ships afoot by tucking up their trousers a little. A visit of the fleet to all these marine crossroads might notably promote the sale of beach lots, an industry for the moment languishing in the pale shadow of distrust." "Of course," concludes the "Call," "there is only one harbor in Southern California, but there is any quantity of coast for sale on easy terms." Of course the "only one harbor" in Southern California is that in which Mr. John D.

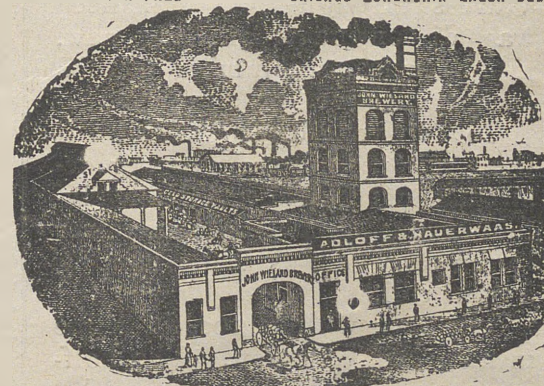
**Diamonds**

Seven "old mine" Brazilian Diamonds, ranging from two to three carats, set in a cross and earrings. These are real gems. Can be had at a bargain—singly or all of them.

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Spreckels, the proprietor of the white elephant known as the "Call," has large interests.

### "Deep Down."

My good friend, Sam Clover, of the "Evening News," is developing into a regular "Warwick." If he doesn't make kings, presidents or vice-presidents, at least he has the fun of nominating them on paper. A short time ago the "News" gained a handsome advertisement throughout the country by the enterprise of its editor in selecting General Adna R. Chaffee as presidential timber for the Democracy. Any possibility of the Chaffee boom being considered seriously was, of course, prevented by his acceptance of a position on the Los Angeles Board of Public Works. Mr. Clover's latest effort in selecting men for high places is found in the suggestion that "Bryan and Harper" would be a good slogan. It is, however, a little unfair to state that Mayor Harper "has a political bee," when the "News" alone causes it to buzz in the mayoral ear. The enthusiastic and penetrating reporter who interviewed Mayor Harper for the "News" refused to accept the Mayor's denials and protestations, discovering that "Deep down, the Mayor would like to go to the convention as a possible running mate for Bryan." It is evident that the bee is buzzing in the Mayor's boot only, and not in his toupée.

### Home Product Opera.

I understand that one of the novelties contemplated by the Temple Opera Company at the Auditorium is the production of a Spanish-California opera. The score of this work was composed by Fred W. Blanchard and the

libretto by Beatrice de Luna, formerly a newspaper writer in Los Angeles. Mr. Blanchard had submitted the opera to Messrs. Barnabee and McDonald of the Bostonians, and they were so pleased with it that they determined to produce it. The outbreak of the Spanish-American war caused the indefinite postponement of the production. It will be eminently fitting if this "home-product" is given its premiere here. Some ten years ago Fred Blanchard, while still in the throes of composition, played to me a number of selections from his then uncompleted score and I still retain a delightful recollection of their tunefulness and grace.

### The "Musical Review."

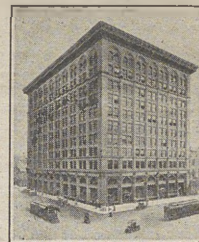
I am glad to note that Alfred Metzger is making so pronounced a success of his "Musical Review," but regret that Los Angeles musicians are not contributing appreciably to that success. In the last issue I could discover only two Los Angeles advertisements. Metzger converted the "Pacific Coast Musical Review" from a monthly into a weekly publication some six months ago with the firm confidence that a representative and authoritative musical journal would receive liberal support in all the principal cities on the Coast. He had spent some months in Los Angeles and published his journal here after the San Francisco disaster. Metzger's ability, indefatigable industry and genial spirit won him a host of friends in musical circles here. The "Musical Review" is a publication that must commend itself to every teacher, student and patron of music. Its news is accurate and catholic and its criticisms show fairness and excellent discrimination. Mr. Metzger deserves success and I hope the leading musicians of Los Angeles will do their share in promoting it.

### Juvenile Reform.

At the conference of the State Board of Charities and Corrections held in San Francisco last Saturday, Judge Curtis D. Wilbur was the principal speaker. The judge, who is recognized as one of the first authorities on juvenile reform, urged strongly the passage of a law providing that no child under fourteen years of age can be sent to the penitentiary under any circumstances whatever, regardless of the crime of which he is convicted. At the present, he stated, it was a matter of discretion with the courts, which had the power to send children over seven years of age convicted of felonies to the penitentiary. Judge Wilbur also opposed the sending of children to the county jail and cited the instance of a judge at Burbank committing three small boys to jail for the fearful offense of jumping on cars! The conclusion of the conference was in favor of raising the age of children that come within the jurisdiction of juvenile courts from sixteen to eighteen years.

### Another "Made in California" Exhibit.

This time the plan is not so ambitious as the exposition of a year ago, but it is to be permanent, and is for the announced object of selling the goods of the exhibitors. It is none the less commendable and will doubtless become a regular visiting point for tourists. In fact, it would seem the only way to bring the sentiment in favor of made in California goods to a practical head. This exhibit has been installed at 114 Mercantile Place, under the supervision of the Curtis-

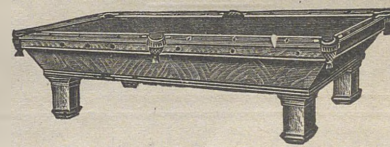


## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

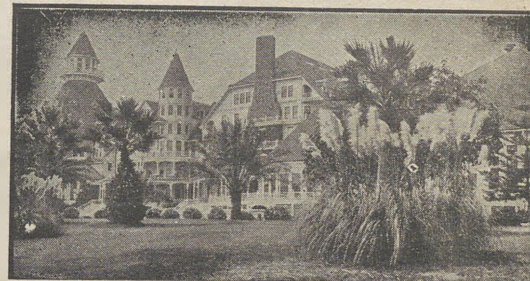
Security Building Spring & Fifth Streets  
**OLDEST AND LARGEST IN SOUTHWEST**  
 CAPITAL AND SURPLUS... **\$1,200,000.00**  
**4 PERCENT INTEREST PAID ON TERM ACCOUNTS.**  
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Take Point Oysters, Terrapin, Shad Roe  
and all kind's of Game in their Season

Prof. Ferdinand Stark; and his fine orchestra every  
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Cars run to all parts of the city and Pasadena.

## DEL MONTE BAR AND GRILL 219 - 223 W Thrd Stree

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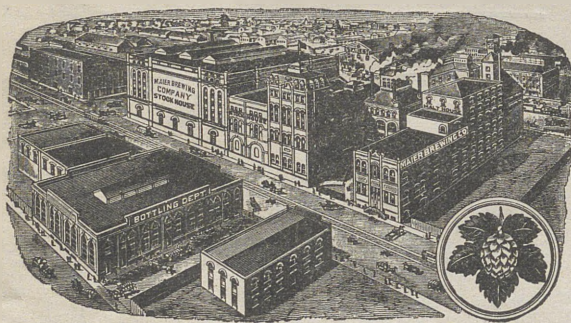
The only Place of the Kind West of Chicago  
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Newhall Company, which has fathered the "Made in" idea, and the exhibits include some of our best known products like Cawston's feathers and Sylmar olive oil. The plan ought to prove popular.

### No Wonder.

No wonder that musical aggregations and musicians are anxious to do business on the Pacific Coast when they read notices like the following, from "Musical America," about Sousa's western trip:

"Going westward . . . business receipts increased steadily, until on the Pacific Coast records were broken. This, however, was simply a case of Sousa surpassing his own high-water mark of past seasons. The record road-concert (single performance receipts) was made at Berkeley, Cal., \$4,000 in round numbers. Los Angeles established a new record, and even stricken San Francisco came very near to the Los Angeles figures for the same terms. It was much the same at Seattle, Spokane, Portland, Vancouver and other important Coast cities."

### "The Eternal City."

Those who have missed the preceding talks by B. R. Baumgardt on travel subjects have missed two or three most delightful evenings at Simpson's Auditorium. The greatest, however, of this talented thinker's works is undoubtedly "Rome, the Eternal City," with its sublime memories and associations which will be given at Simpson's Auditorium on Tuesday evening, March 31. A visit to Rome is the acme of a sojourn in Europe. No other place combines such a multitude of mighty historic associations. None other confuses with such bewildering memories and emotions. Her hundreds of ruined temples, mouldering walls, broken arches, and shattered columns take possession of the visitor and bring about a reverie in which the greatness that once was her's is vividly brought before the mind's eye. The spirit of ancient and medieval Rome still hovers over her ruins and masters the visitor in a mysterious way when entering the sacred and hallowed precincts she is guarding. Professor Baumgardt visited Rome for the third time last season, and added many beautiful illustrations to his already complete store; and he easily transports you in an easy chair to where this wonderful city is rising again as the capital of United Italy. Two thousand years of vandalism have not succeeded in vanquish-

ing its memorable ruins or wiping out the sad memories. But Professor Baumgardt has clothed his views with present day descriptive draperies that bring to us the past and the present side by side until the hearer obtains a knowledge which books and picture history and teachers fail to impart.

### Free Night Schools.

The Liberal Alliance has opened free night schools at the Turner Hall, 321 South Main street, where full instructions will be given to all comers, free of charge. The instructors have copies of the latest naturalization laws on hand, and will cheerfully answer any and all inquiries and questions bearing on naturalization. Formulæ for first and second citizenship papers will be furnished. Applicants for final citizenship papers will be taught the correct answers to such questions as are liable to be asked during the court examinations. An experienced member of the Alliance will advise and guide all applicants how to fill out their application blanks and when and where to file them with the courts. Absolutely no charge will be made by the Liberal Alliance for instructions or help given to persons who want to become citizens of the United States. All applications should be made on Tuesdays and Fridays between 7 and 8 p.m., at the Turner Hall, 321 South Main street.

### Bustling Los Angeles.

The transition of Los Angeles from a provincial town to a great and bustling city is nowhere more strongly emphasized than in its busy down-town streets. It is a notable fact that there are twice as many people on the business streets of Los Angeles morning, afternoon or evening, than in any city of the same size. This is due to two principal causes: the climate, and the large number of tourists and people of leisure who find no small share of their entertainment in the sights and scenes of the principal thoroughfares. It is a vexing fact, however, that Los Angeles is still in the pueblo stage in relation to the manner in which pedestrian travel is managed, or rather not managed at all. A new traffic ordinance has been adopted for the middle of the streets, and, really, one is needed for the sidewalk. In the busiest periods of the day you will see a bunch of pedestrians stop for conversation in the middle of the sidewalk, even though it drive the tide of travel out into the middle of the street. You will see persons stopping on the sidewalk at the street corners, utterly regardless of the rights and conveniences of others. In many cases, the sidewalks will be covered with boxes or articles of merchandise for hours at a time, seriously impeding traffic. It is as much as the life of a mere man is worth to pass on or down the west side of Broadway, or, indeed, the women's side of any of the business streets during shopping hours. The feet of the ladies are pointed north or south, as the case may be, but their eyes are on the shop windows seeing naught else, nor caring aught for any clash or collision that may ensue. But this is merely a comment in passing, for everybody knows that the fair shopper is above traffic ordinances and other man-made laws. Really, we should be more citified in the manner of sidewalk travel.

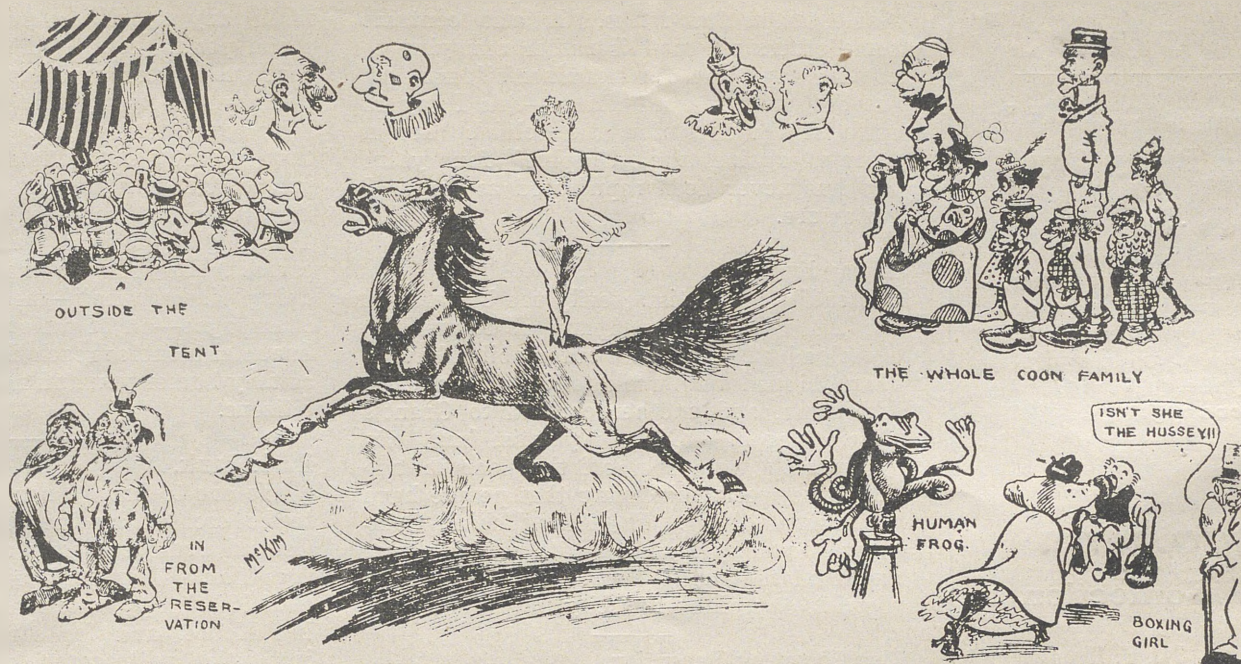
Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.



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Be sure and go to the Shrine Circus which opens at Prager Park for one week, beginning April 6

### Shrine "Circus."

Al Malaikah Temple, Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystie Shrine, will hold its second annual charity "Circus" at Prager Park the week of April 6. Two exhibitions will be given daily. The Shriners have purchased the Sells-Floto Shows, and will present their acts in conjunction with a host of volunteer talent that made their circus last year such a memorable success. Ten thousand dollars of the proceeds will be given as an endowment fund for the Children's Hospital. The volunteers come from the very flower of the business and social life of Los Angeles. At their daily practice at Venice the participants have shown much latent talent. Mayor A. C. Harper will act as principal ringmaster. One of the very prettiest numbers, and one that will surely create surprise, and will be more talked about than any other number, is the really unusual menage number. Mrs. Griffith drives a high cart to a famous horse, with a trained dog that runs in and out between the wheels. The equipment will be handsomely garlanded with roses, and present a most attractive appearance.

### Powers.

Politicians are again busy with the city health department. It is of no consequence to the politicians, of course, that Dr. L. M. Powers has done faithful, honest and efficient service for the city. That doesn't count at

all. The place is wanted by other doctors and this is of more moment to wire pullers than that the health of the public should be guarded by a man of known competency. Perhaps public sentiment may some day become so strong that all the people will insist on the elimination of politics from the health board, just as politics are barred from the board of public works.

### Tittle-Tattle.

All of this breeze and gossip about a ball and reception planned by the California Club for the officers of the fleet, appears to be founded on nothing. For a certain element in the California Club I have an abiding contempt—for which I have ample cause. But I scarcely think that the club wants to draw the line on anybody. If the club gives a ball, that is the club's own business and not the affair of anybody else. It is also well to remember that no patent of social nobility inures to the holder of a commission in the navy; I have never heard that a commission confers on any man the rights and privileges of snobocracy. Neither have I heard that naval officers think so. The navy is officered very largely by the plain people. Rear Admiral Sampson was a stone mason's son. The California Club

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contains many fine men who are rather proud, than otherwise, that they rose in the world, from the ranks. It also contains some others whom it is rather annoying to contemplate. The "Examiner's" fling at the club was unwarrantable—this I say in spite of the fact that the club's action directed against the "Graphic" four years ago has never been repudiated as far as I am aware.

**Expanding.**

Steadily and satisfactorily the business of the Auto Vehicle Company is expanding, a carload of "Tourist" automobiles having been shipped this week to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and another carload to Grant's Pass, Oregon. Not only this, but six "Tourists" were sold off the floor in two days this week, indicating that people have the means to buy. The Auto Vehicle Company is coming out soon with a high-power runabout that will be a winner in any hilly district, as well as in a city.

**Gas Company Reception.**

The opening reception of the City Gas Company is set for Saturday of this week. The company's producing plant, on Santa Fe avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, is operating satisfactorily and already forty miles of street mains are in service. Inasmuch as the company will constantly lay more street mains, its business is expected to develop from month to month.

**Greenway.**

Some months ago when "Ned" Greenway, the arbiter of San Francisco society affairs, went to Portland, on business bent, the

"Spectator" of that city uttered a Jeremiad over the failure of the San Franciscan to make any notable splash in the Portland social pond. Now Ned Greenway has been south this week and has been attending to business so closely that the society people have seen little of him. Greenway tells me that "Otard" cognac is all the go nowadays, and to call for any other brand is a sure indication that you are "not in the know." This is glad tidings to all who desire to be correct. He tells me that there isn't much doing in "wine"—meaning, of course, champagne—all of which demonstrates that financial troubles reach the social elect, even as they bother you and me and other humble citizens.

**Park Bank.**

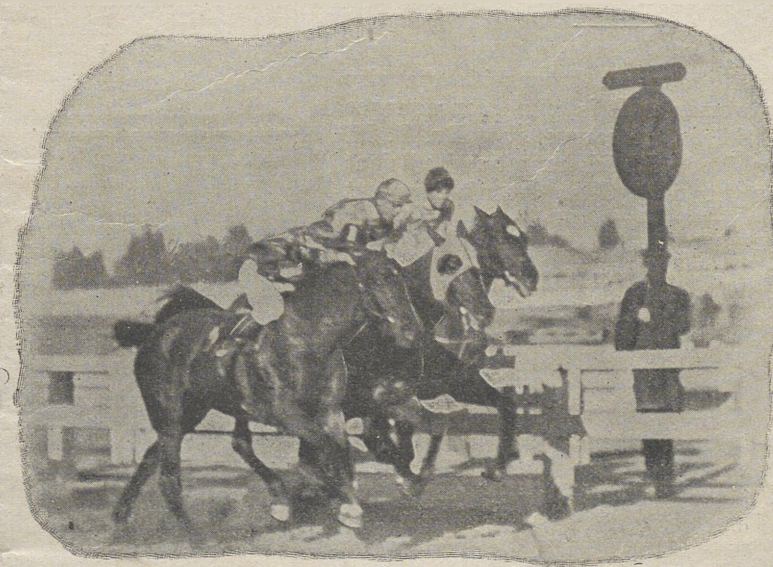
We are to have a new bank next month, to be created by the consolidation of the Central Trust Company and the Dollar Savings Bank & Trust Company. The capital, \$200,000, is up to the mark set by the Clearing House, and for some time hence the institution will occupy both banking rooms now occupied by the institutions to be merged. The Central Trust, it will be remembered, was formed when the Central Bank made its deal with the State Bank & Trust Company. The new corporation will be headed by Perry W. Weidner with J. C. Kays, W. C. Durgin and A. W. Ryan as vice-presidents, and W. G. Tanner as cashier. The consolidation, it may be added in all fairness, has been in contemplation since January, and was not due to the action of the Clearing House.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

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**Friday Morning Program.**

The program of the Friday Morning Club for April is one of the best offered in the history of the club. The various events are:

April 3: A Morning of Russian Music—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott (postponed from March 27.) Members may invite but one guest. Luncheon.

April 10: The Philosophy of Clothes—Mrs. Morris Albee.

April 17: "Made in Los Angeles"—Mr. George H. Stewart, President of the Chamber of Commerce.

April 24: Book Committee. Mother, Maxim Gorky—Miss Abby B. Morgan.

The "Tuesday afternoons" for the month are as follows:

April 7: Oil Paintings—Joseph Greenbaum.

April 14: An Afternoon in the South—Mrs. Charles Wellborn.

April 21: Miniatures—Miss Nute. Informal Piano Recital—Lillian A. Smith.

April 28: Song Recital—Mrs. Charles Oleott Richards.

Mrs. Richards, who is one of San Diego's most popular singers, and who has studied abroad, will present a program of unusual interest.

Mrs. Wellborn will be assisted by Mesdames W. L. Graves, C. E. Thom, Albert Stephens, Olin Wellborn, W. D. Woolwine, Wm. Johnston, Willoughby Rodman, E. T. Earl, W. J. Hunsaker and Harriet Wright. The program will include reading from colonial correspondence by Mrs. W. S. Bartlett, a reading by Mrs. C. Q. Staunton, a reading in charge of Mrs. George Dobinson, and music by Miss Ebbert and Mrs. Franklin.

The morning devoted to local manufactures will hold many surprises for all.

## Deborah's Diary

Well, the gloom of Lent has been somewhat lightened the past week by the little ripples of gayety caused by the natty officers of the "pathfinders," the ships now lying in the harbor at Venice. They were at Redondo Tuesday, and that evening we had a splendid time at the Redondo Hotel. First there was a banquet for Admiral Sebree and the officers, and followed a ball at which we danced to our heart's content. You know we have some of our very fashionable people at Redondo, and with the crowds that came from the city it surely made a veritable Vanity Fair.

Where is the Copper Kettle?

It won't be long until Los Angeles has a midshipman all her own. Theodore Hammond, son of Mr. W. T. S. Hammond, is studying at the Naval Academy now, and Mrs. Hammond will leave shortly for a two months' visit with him at Annapolis.

Copper Kettle, 223 Mercantile Place.

Mrs. W. Miller Graham of Santa Barbara has returned to her beautiful Montecito home, after a short trip to the old country, where she was recently presented at the court of King Edward.

Afternoon tea at the Copper Kettle.

The younger set is looking forward with breathless anticipation to the "Prom" which will be given at Kramer's, April 25, in honor of the track team of the Los Angeles High School. The patronesses are to be Mrs. Nathan Cole, Mrs. William Baker, Mrs. Frank Kelsey and Mrs. O. F. Brant.

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COMPANY**

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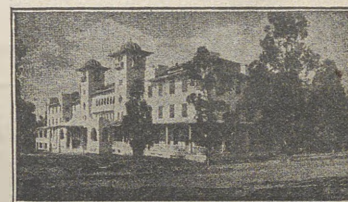
Tastiest things to eat at the Copper Kettle.

The ultra-smart set were entertained Monday afternoon with bridge by Mrs. O. W. Childs, in honor of Mrs. Treat and Mrs. Farrell of Seattle. The affair was given at the Hotel Alexandria, and there were fourtables.

The engagement of Miss Edna Peyton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Peyton, to Charles M. Cotton of New Mexico, was announced last week. The wedding will take place in the fall.

Saturday night Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Galbraith of 2813 LaSalle avenue enter-

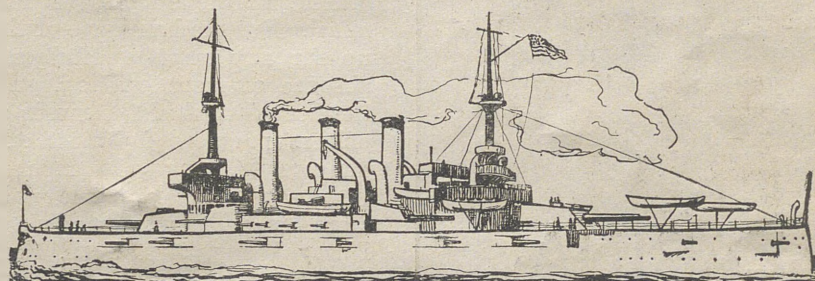
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12th to 15th.

Excursion tickets will be sold  
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E. W. McGEE, 334 So. Spring Street.



## Silverware

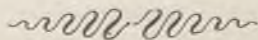


Table Silver in sets or separate pieces is always appreciated by the Housewife. We carry an exceptionally fine assortment, including the best productions of Reed and Barton, Oneida Community, Rogers Bros 1847, all of whom have a National reputation for quality of wares and elegance of designs.

For Weddings, Silverware is essential; nothing is more appropriate or more appreciated. Next to the Ring itself, it dominates all other gifts. It becomes the heirloom of the family.

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tained with an "at home" for about forty guests, and at a Dutch supper late in the evening announced the engagement of Miss Josephine Schwartz to Mr. Randolph Bartlett. The guests included many of the newspaper people and theatrical lights of the city.

Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Cornelius Cole of Colegrove gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. James Jones of Ohio. The guests included Mrs. John P. Jones, Mrs. Edward Gorham, Mrs. William Reese, Mrs. Alice Bernard, Mme. Ida Hancock, Mrs. Ben C. Truman and Mrs. E. P. Brown. Senator Jones and his daughter, Miss Georgina, recently left for New York.

The beautiful home of Mrs. C. B. Woodhead on Vermont avenue was thrown open to nine sororities Wednesday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. W. W. Canby, grand president of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Alumni Association. Guests included both the older and the young fashionable set.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott returned recently from a long European trip, and tomorrow afternoon will welcome their friends at their home on West Twentieth street.

### From Coronado.

Society played about Coronado this week with considerable enthusiasm for big letter Society. With five warships in port and a rattling polo meet going at full speed, Mother Grundy's proteges had a very good excuse for shaking off their wonted diffidence. Society became active, with the big Military Ball given in honor of Admiral Sebree and his officers. The ball room was simply decorated, at the express request of the Admiral. But the brilliance of the gowns made up for any want of effulgence due to the absence of mere bunting. The band from the fleet furnished the music and the young officers partners for most of the feminine dancers. Among prominent Los Angeles people on hand for the polo tournament were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weiss, Mrs. E. T. Earl, Miss Annis Van Nuys, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fisher, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Edmonds, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dorr, who came down from San Pedro in Mr. Dorr's yacht, the "Yankee Girl," H. Messmore and Ben Smith, Jr.

Special polo matches were the order of the tourney. The match between the North and the South was a particularly interesting event that aroused the enthusiasm of polo devotees. C. W. Clark contributed importance to the event by donating a \$250 trophy. A consolation tournament for teams that were put out of the tournament in their first contest was added to the list of regular polo matches. Walter H. Dupee of Chicago contributed a \$100 trophy for the tournament.

Mrs. Carter Harrison, with her daughter Miss Edith Ogden Harrison, arrived at Coronado toward the end of the tournament for a stay at the resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Hill reached Coronado toward the end of the tournament in Mr. Hill's private car. Mr. Hill has recently succeeded his father, Mr. James J. Hill, as president of the Great Northern Railway. He has been traveling through the West and Southern California during the winter.

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The most attractive and comfortable shoe ever offered to the public

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### TOILET CREAM

For those of

### REFINED TASTE.

THE ONLY COLD CREAM  
FOR ALL WISHING A

Clear, Beautiful and Healthy  
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UNEQUALED AS A SKIN FOOD.

ONCE TRIED YOU WILL USE NO OTHER.

Until April Fifteen all Druggists will sell this  
**WORLD RENOWNED COLD CREAM**  
At Twenty Five Cents  
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## Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

When the poetess of passion, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, begins to take a hand in the world of fashion one must be prepared for something entirely novel and remarkable. This result is to be found at present in the Ville de Paris, where they are displaying a line of most beautiful hand painted chiffon robes, all from the brush of the little artist protege of the literary lady. These soft draperies are most fascinating, coming in white chiffon with borders shaded in colors over and above which are the hand painted wreaths of beautiful spring flowers. An especially beautiful effect was produced in a lavender bordered robe festooned with violets, most artistically arranged over the entire width of the goods. How the artist can produce these yards and yards of fine hand painting and sell the entire chiffon robe for forty-five dollars is entirely beyond me, but my dear girl you ought just to see the lovely rosebuds and lilies and lilacs she has produced on this soft background—dreamy things for evening or ball gowns, worthy of a sonnet from the nimble pen of the "love liting Ella." The Ville has also this week a splendid assortment of pongees, tussorees and chantungs, and believe me, these are awfully good this year. A new and wonderful kind of silk at the Ville is known as the "Mirage," a title which describes its elusive beauty. This can only be bought at the Ville de Paris and is the latest thing for automobile wraps and other coats.

If you want to be sure of meeting the "beau monde" this week, you must turn the crank of your automobile toward 749 and 751 South Broadway. The Terrill opening takes place on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 30th and 31st of March and the 1st of April. Anyone who is or pretends to be "smart" on the Coast knows what that means, and just to see the lovely Paris gowns and European styles and costumes is a good enough education for one who cannot cross the "briny" every year. I am going to see the glad doings, and will tell you about them as well as I can in my next letter.

On the same dainty hunting ground, 751 South Broadway, you will find Miss Swobdi doing a rushing business in the swellest of swell millinery. Since her opening day, last week, which might be described as a "crush," she has received a number of beauteous new hats in the latest and most attractive styles from Lichtenstein, Louise and Burley. Swobdi has hats to suit every style and pocket. I saw some charming tailor made effects there, such as are all the craze in San Francisco at this moment, but which do not go like the picture hats with our lady of the Sunshine.

Well, anyhow, to return to the ever-absorbing topic of dress. Let me advise you to take a trip to the second floor of Blackstone's swell establishment. Talk of alluring robes and lingerie gowns, there you will see a stock of novelties that really beggars description. Without a princesse lingerie embroidered robe this season, a woman is hardly in good form, judging from the size of the assort-

ment in all shades and colors and at all prices the Blackstone's have laid in for the coming season. In pale blue and pink batiste fancifully and tastefully trimmed in white, these bonny little summer gowns can be bought in Blackstone's from \$6.50 up. I saw a dear little pink batiste frock for \$10, and when you arrive at \$25 or \$30 you can get something really lovely. Blackstone's have such reliable things. Their linen suits are altogether charming and in perfect style, some very swell and elaborate and others severely tailor made and clean and wholesome looking. I wanted so many of their pretty wash suits, this morning, that I could hardly tear myself away. There isn't a better choice in the city than you can find at Blackstone's.

For something truly elegant and tremendously swell, let me take you to see the new waists and neckwear at Myer Siegel's, 251 to 255 South Broadway. You know they are up to date at that "smart" female emporium and don't turn out anything except things in the tip top of fashion. The Veronique is the latest in neckwear. This consists of a delicate embroidery in all the finest shades

and colors and the scheme is carried out on the bow and jabot. Every one of the "smart" waists in Siegel's this spring has a touch of color embroidery or trimming. The swell lingerie waist this year is a hand embroidered Venetian work, on the finest Irish linen, done entirely by hand. Even the innumerable little tucks are sewn with the old-fashioned needle, and are immensely dainty. This waist, with its inserted medallions in hand made lace and crochet, sells for \$45, and Siegel's are having a hard time to satisfy the demand.

Before I close, Harriet dear, I must bring your great mind to bear upon the wonderfully nice thing that is going on in the good Boston Store. This is an encouragement for home talent and all the domestic virtues, and consists in lessons given free in every kind of needle work at the art department of this big establishment. I saw beautiful designs in all the latest stitches and kinds of decorated embroidery. You have only to purchase the material in the Boston Store, and the instructress will do the rest. They have shirt waists and lingerie stamped ready for the first lesson; beautiful pin cushions, doilies

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SPRING OPENING

Next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

Exhibition of Imported Dresses,  
Coats and Lingerie Dresses. Fabrics  
and Trimmings from all the cele-  
brated Paris makers.



and bureau toilet sets. In the summer at the beach, nothing whiles the hours away like fancy work and the Boston Store is the place to fill every want. The art department there is very attractive at present. I saw a sale of linen drawn work going on that tempted me very much. Lovely brass ware and vases were there in profusion and at much reduced prices.

Once more, dear, it is farewell.

Yours always, LUCILLE.

South Figueroa Street, March twenty-fourth.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

## THE VIRGINIA

Long Beach, Cal.

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## THE LINNARD HOTELS

The Most Magnificent Beach Hotel on The Pacific

Will Open March 31st, 1908.

D. M. Linnard

## On the Stage and Off

George Bernard Shaw has written bitter, forceful truths in his "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but so deep are those truths hidden in a mire of uncleanness and mental dirt that the sparkle of their cleverness is lost in the gloom of their unnecessary clothing. He thrusts his nail of fact into the wall of Public Opinion, but he fails to drive the nail securely in with the blow of conviction. He presents a problem, not simple in its original form, and exceedingly abstruse when he adds complication after complication—and then he leaves the problem unsolved and unsavory. His character of Mrs. Warren can surely attract no sympathy; he has drawn her as a moral leper who should go about as did the lepers of old, with a warning bell, and moaning to the populace, "Unclean, unclean." She possesses her good qualities—but then one doesn't like lepers however good they may be.

Shaw attempts to destroy the barriers of common decency which centuries have raised, by throwing at them the stones of argument. He has not destroyed the barriers; he has strengthened them, by allowing Mrs. Warren to be sent away by her daughter, sent away as an unfit thing by the flesh of her flesh; fallen too low in the pit of her own digging to be ever drawn out. The curtain falls on their final parting, with the future left an unanswered question.

The nameless daughter whom she has brought into the world has had the seeds of bitterness sown in her soul, and some day the seeds will blossom. She will fight against the world; perhaps will love and be loved. But when the man learns the truth about her—and it is inevitable that he must learn—he either will bid her goodbye or marry her. If the latter, after the first glamor of passion has faded, he will allow the knowledge that her mother is not the sort of woman to be a mother and that his wife has no right to any name but that which he has given her, to open a gulf between them which will never be bridged. If the former, she will die with her woman's destiny unfulfilled, however great her success in her profession.

And the woman—she will age and age, pitifully striving to keep her good looks until she realizes that she is wrecked in the sea of her own wrong doing; remorse will come stealing into her tortured soul, what-

ever sweets of success she may flatter herself she has tasted will turn to ashes in her mouth—and then one day a poor derelict will be found floating downstream, or the husk of what had been a woman will be discovered lying in a room, with rouged lips poison-burned, and dead, staring eyes full of the horrible truth, "The Wages of Sin is Death."

If that were the object of Bernard Shaw's play he has succeeded in attaining it. If he really desires to prove that a woman is justified in lowering the God-given standard of womanhood for the sake of the soft things of life, he has failed. The instinct of every woman must revolt at the sheer nakedness and frankness—and yet the Los Angeles Theater will be crowded with women at every performance. Perhaps they like to shrink; perhaps it is the odd fascination of beholding wickedness from the sacred height of one's own pedestal—but whatever the reason be, the women will go to see Mrs. Warren, and will come away very properly shocked, and, happily, most of them too ashamed to discuss it.

Mary Shaw is mistress of the part of Mrs. Warren. She gives it the invaluable coarseness and vulgarity—she gives the impression of a woman who loves her daughter in a way, but who mistakes outraged pride for outraged affection. But it is a pity for her to waste her efforts on such a part.

The character of Vivie Warren, the daughter, is the vital, living individual of the play—at least as portrayed by Miss Pettes. The very fresh sweet youth of her appearance and her simple gowns are convincing in contrast to the heavy world-weariness and the Parisian gowning of Miss Shaw's Mrs. Warren. The temptation to rant must be great, but she admirably realizes the force of her delineation by conservatism, and by an appreciation of the chasm between prudery and womanliness.

Mr. Pratt, who plays Sir George Crofts, is bombastically melodramatic at times, even to the stogy "Ha! Ha!" of olden days. In the scenes where he is not called upon to be markedly villainous he is entirely effective. The part of Frank Gardner is boyishly natural and frothy in the hands of Mr. Aylmar.

There are those who believe the play teaches a lesson and that a young girl would be benefited by seeing it. It is a lesson, but a woman needs no teacher but her own instinct to point the difference between right and wrong. There is born in her the knowledge that if she touches pitch she must be defiled. And, after all, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is not a question of morals—it

is a problem of instincts, and between the two there is a vast difference.

The forbidden fruit of Channing Pollock's "Secret Orchard," which is being played at the Belasco this week, is not sweet—it leaves a bitter taste in the mouth. Pollock has not succeeded in making an interesting drama of the Castle novel—the plot from beginning to end, while possessed of an ephemeral cleverness, lacks any semblance of verity. The characters do not create the feeling the playwrights must have desired, and through no fault of the actors. One heartily despises the Duke of Cluny and pities his wife's gullibility—a gullibility which can exist only behind the footlights. The character of Joy cannot be accepted as the author must have intended. It is easy enough to prattle of "sweetness and innocence" on the stage. A girl may keep her sweetness and her aloofness from the unpleasant things of life—but from her childhood she knows she must guard herself against those unpleasant things. It is the divine heritage, the fruit of the tree of knowledge of which Eve tasted. How could situations based on this so-called "advantage of innocence" ring true?

Florence Smythe struggles bravely with the part of Joy. She plays it with an intensity of feeling which must be exhausting. Scenes in which women become rackingly hysterical are not pleasant or edifying, but Miss Smythe gives to these scenes the height of effort, and makes them as artistically real as is possible. But the pity, the sickening pity, of a woman's being called upon to play such a part!

Katherine Emmet is touchingly sweet as Helen Cluny. Her big scene in the last act when Helen discovers her husband's treachery was as finished a bit as any syndicate star ever gave us. The nervous trembling of body and face, the hushed horror of her words—it was honest emotion because it reached the heart, and because the women who saw it knew that she acted as real women act. It is rare that a woman shrieks and storms as Joy is made to do. If she feels deeply and truly she takes her fullness of sorrow to herself and fights it alone.

Eleanor Carey is a very handsome old Marquise, and Charles Ruggles again shows his versatility as her rattle-brained son. Adele Farrington's appearances are always grateful, and all the more so when she has a part which suits her as does that of Madame Rodriguez.

Lewis Stone manfully succeeds in making the character of George Dodd almost human,



although for once the Stone love-making lacks the necessary fervor. A man doesn't usually laugh when he is seriously proposing marriage to a girl. Let it be said in Mr. Stone's favor that he dislikes plays of this ilk. Howard Scott is the most dominant male character in the drama. Not only does he make a handsome and convincing old Faver-eau, but he handles a strong scene in the third act with a fine perception of its dramatic value.

But even the artistry of the actors cannot save "The Secret Orchard." The gospel it preaches, "If the man can be forgiven, why not the woman," is false—and will be accepted as false to eternity. If it were not, how very soon the virtue of woman would become cheap. Pollock's frankness is nauseating—it has not even the brutal semblance of truth that some of our playwrights have given to such things.

At the matinees the young girls of the city—especially those from homes of culture—crowd the Belasco. Can they be bettered or improved by the play and its rotten sentimentality, its counterfeit sentiments? Why in the name of all things good and decent are theater-goers inflicted with this sickening, sensual, sentimental rot. Could not

the public stop it by refusing to look on? And to think that the very men who write such things prate of the value of handling emotional problems without gloves, in the hopes of "uplifting the stage." Every play of this sort makes murky the atmosphere of the theater and gives the Church good reason to preach against it. But so long as the World and his wife indignantly disapprove of such dramas, and then stand in line to buy tickets for them—just so long will we be drawn into the quicksand of their matinees.

Despite the fact that it is badly staged and worse acted, "Brewster's Millions," which is at the Mason this week, is interesting from beginning to end. The plot is thoroughly novel, and the sight of a young man working hard to spend a million dollars in a year in order to get seven million is bound to be enjoyable to the extreme. Further, it is a decided relief from unworthy problem plays. Robert Ober, who plays the part of Monty Brewster, is a comedian of merit, and is just young and whimsical enough in appearance to realize the author's conception. For the rest of the company, with the exception of John Junior and Olive North, there is little to be said.

The settings are shabby to an extreme and fail to carry out the idea of the play. Surely a young man with a million to get rid of would have a somewhat different office from the dingy interior shown by the second act. The yacht scene, while of course imperfect from a nautical view because of necessary stage restrictions, is as good a piece of work as any Los Angeles stage has seen.

"Why Smith Left Home" is being given an unusually excellent production at the Burbank this week. The Morosco people seem to have become imbued with the spirit of comedy, and the old farce goes with a dash and sparkle that lend it new zest. Carrie Clarke Ward as Lavinia, who is a lady and knows it, creates gales of merriment from her first appearance, and does a specialty stunt in the form of a dance and song. Maude George as the maiden aunt, and Harry Mestayer as the much-misled Guggenheimer add to the general fun.

Back into the realms of childhood is one carried at the Orpheum this week when, with "Polly Pickle's Pets," one invades the home of "Petland," and watches the antics of Pinkey Prim, the cat, Peergint, the elephant, Perch, the parrot, the dog, the Teddy bear, the jack-o'-lantern men and the Busters. And Polly herself, the dainty mite in her pink legs and pretty frock, is not the least delightful feature of the fantasy. It's a clever skit, is this, and of a magnitude seldom found in vaudeville. "La Sylphe," as she calls herself, is a young woman of astonishingly flexible anatomy, who does a series of three dances, the final one being entitled "Salome," but minus the veils. It is an example of astounding gyrations seldom seen. Fred Watson and the Morrissey sisters have a turn that might have been taken from the old Tony Pastor style of variety save that it is so up to date in songs. And their dances too are snappy and clever. The Rosaies do some new stunts in wire work, which one would hardly deem possible. Emmet Devoy and his company "In Dreamland" repeat their fantastic sketch of last

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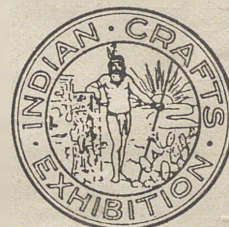
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**"Facing The Music"**

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week, Kara still juggles in marvelously dexterous fashion, Les Freres Riego do wonderful acrobatic work, and James F. MacDonald is as mournfully funny as ever, while the pictures, in two installments, are wonderful.



"La Sylphe" at the Orpheum

**Grusty Tips to Theatre Goers.**

Mason.—McIntyre and Heath—names to conjure with in the musical comedy and burlesque world—bring their Eastern success, "The Ham Tree," to the Mason for a week.

Belasco.—Problem play will be replaced by farce this week, when Henry Dixey's "Facing the Music" will be given a production. Joseph Galbraith will be in the cast.

Morosco's.—And at the Burbank the problem play, alas, displaces farce. Daudet's unsavory "Sapho" will renew her tribulations for the coming week.

Los Angeles.—Mary Shaw remains at the Los Angeles for another week in George Bernard Shaw's "Candida," which has been seen here on several occasions. It was originally intended that Miss Shaw should put

on Ibsen's "Ghosts," but, thanks to Manager York's discrimination, this pathological perversion will be shelved.

Orpheum.—For the week beginning with Monday matinee, March 30, the Orpheum bill will be an unusually complete, diversified and delightful one. Included in the category are Olympia Desvall and her dogs and ponies; an act without a peer of its sort. These dogs and ponies are exhibits of the acme of animal training by kindness alone, and their work is almost human. Another feature number is Della Fox, the famous comic opera prima donna, who created the part of Wang in the opera of that name, was the head of the DeWolff Hopper forces for years, and headed her own company till she entered vaudeville. No singer today is better known. The famous Montrose troupe of acrobats, from Europe, is an act that has no peer in its line also; it has been here before and met with tremendous favor. Carroll and Cook, in rapid fire conversation will provoke merriment for all. Snyder and Buckley are seen in a clever skit, "The Street Musicians." Among the excellent numbers retained on the bill are Fred Watson and the Morrissey sisters, as popular on their return as ever; Polly Pickles and her many pets in Petland, different and delightful; La Sylphe, whose dancing and posing have created a furore, together with the excellent Orpheum motion pictures. Matinees are daily now, including Monday.

Grand Opera House.—"The Cowboy and the Squaw," the bill at the Grand opera house, beginning with the matinee Sunday, March 29, is a great depiction of life in the West, when cowboys, Indians and whites mingled in a border semi-civilization. Mr. Harry von Meter will be the Cowboy, and of course will in the end set all right. Miss Florence Barker, Miss Lillian Hayward—again a villainess, to her great delight—Lule Warrenton, Myrtle Selwyn, George Clancy and all the rest will be seen in congenial roles, and the whole promises to be as effective and popular a bill as has been presented in a long time.

Fischer's.—From its opening number, "A Day at the Races" to its finale, "Papa's Coachman," Herb Bell's musical comedy at Fischer's next week is said to be brim full of fun. "Papa's" frantic endeavors to prevent the elopement of his only daughter with her sweetheart, who in order to win her has assumed the disguise of coachman, provide many side-convulsing complications, and the whole farce is claimed to be a winner. Herb Bell and George Morrell will be seen as the household servants, Miss Bessie Tannehill will play the mother, Evan Baldwin the lover, Miss Nellie Montgomery the "girl" and George Ashelby, a new comer in the company, will play the father. Incident to the production, Miss Tannehill will sing the most ambitious number presented by her since she has been leading woman at Fischer's, "Senora."

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## In the Musical World

By FREDERICK STEVENSON

Madame Lillian Blauvelt, heralded as America's greatest lyric soprano, is without shadow of doubt the very prettiest manifestation of physical daintiness that an exceptional age of womanly beauty has been privileged to produce. Her Dresden china delicacy, her exquisite gowning, her irresistible smile and her air of quiet distinction are so far removed from the customary artificiality and crude affectation of the conventional concert artist that it is almost possible to sit back in sheer sense-content and care little whether song-school keeps or not.

It would be manifestly unfair to suggest that Madame Blauvelt has possibly made her success in large measure through the effect of her delightful personal qualities—unfair, because untrue in the sense in which such a suggestion would be read.

For, while I have not heard this winsome young matron on any previous occasion, I am very sure that time was when Lillian Blauvelt could easily run off with the house of a thousand candles by virtue of an intrinsically charming voice alone.

But herein lies the very point of this latter-day vocal method—that, given a brilliant and scintillant head placement, the average audience will find ample titillation, and the absence of the deeper and more luscious qualities leaves no sense of something wanting.

The hard truth, however, is that there are three weak spots in this modern craze for pure head placement: First, that it never satisfies the natural human craving for something more like the voice of the human, and less like the wail of the pipe; second, that it never lands in the region of emotional worth while; and third, that it never stands up to the test of intonational purity or tonal beauty when the gathering years begin to mark the inevitable jog-trot of time.

All this is as sure as is the crack of doom.

**MASON OPERA HOUSE** H. C. WYATT  
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A Notable Event March 30

A Farewell Week of

**McINTYRE and HEATH**

In KLAU and ERLANGER'S  
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**"THE HAM TREE"**

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It is impossible to get away from the pains and penalties of overtaxed head placement; and these enthusiasts who are everlastingly telling out from the housetops of their intractable tongues that there is only one vocal Mohammed, and his name is Palate, are simply letting fly boomerangs of error that are bound to come careening home ere long with incurable mischief in their train.

And the most vicious side of this sin lies in the fact that the burden of it goes through life tucked in the hapless throat of the confiding victim, while the Sinner in Chief goes smilingly on his way with victims fresh and victims foolish—fresh because they see nothing to warn them, foolish because the experience of others teaches them nothing of caution.

Madame Blauvelt, with a perfect wealth of lovable tonal quality as Nature's initial gift, and with a physical charm of exceeding rarity, even among the more favored of womankind, is, nevertheless, finding the touch of the inevitable creeping on apace; and, while there must always be evidence enough of the fine artistic instinct and high training of the cultured vocalist, I am very sure that the tramp of time will only show that the latter-day method is sadly wanting in the more vital elements of true vocalism.

The program itself had little to commend it from the musicianly standpoint—the songs for the most part being of a somewhat ordinary stamp. The Schubert "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen," with 'cello obligato, and a Verdi "Bolera," were distinctly the best of Madame Blauvelt's contributions, while others were faulty in either tonal quality or intonation, or else of such insignificant grade as to be quite out of place in a representative recital.

Madame Blauvelt is, however, more than ordinarily favored in her supporting artists. Albert Rosenthal, the young 'cellist, being of artist mold, though somewhat wanting in the breadth and favor demanded by this instrument; and Miss Edith Kellogg, the solo pianist and accompanist, having far more than ordinary claim to high honors as an exemplar of the rare duality of musicianly assertiveness and ready subjugation.

It would be stretching a point somewhat to adjudge solo rank to Miss Kellogg (who, by the way, instantly enlists warm sympathy by her very pretty modest demeanor), but it is certain that her caressing quality of touch and refinement of style do far more to command admiration than do the pounding and ruggedness of the majority of pianists.

Madame Blauvelt is most generous in sharing calls with her assistants, and it is regrettable that exception has to be taken to the purely vocal side of her art.

\* \* \*

The Orpheus Club did a notably good thing in repeating their recent program (or largely so) at the Temple Auditorium on behalf of the Associated Charities. The big building held a capital audience, and enthusiasm ran high—as well it might.

Musically, the forty-one boys did excellent work, their humorous numbers drawing encores, and the varied shading eliciting the

warm ecstasies of the well-versed in the finer phases of choral interpretation.

Personally, I have to confess to a quick sense of weariness over iterated a capella rendition. There was a time when such work gave pleasure; but, with the tremendous strides of modern writing and instrumental enrichment, these small sugar plums no longer satisfy the music-hunger.

Variety, never ending and constantly changing in tonal color, is the call of the hour; and these clever boys, with their strenuous president and capable director, will be wise in their day and generation if they strike out manfully for the better and broader way.

\* \* \*

The Lyric Club is to do a most praiseworthy and generous act in the production of a number of works from the pens of our more notable local writers. Prominent among these composers are Mr. Jahn, a writer of distinct individuality; Vincent L. Jenkins, a young fellow of much promise; Mrs. William H. Jamison, a member of the Club, and already a veteran in the art of song writing (that is, if charming woman can ever attain to the veteran stage in anything); Henry Edmond Earle, the Pasadena hope for composer-immortality, and others of more or less celebrity in their several walks.

This, with a large scale work from the gifted Boston orchestra writer, Leofler, should form an exceedingly attractive final program of the year. Certain it is that not many cities of this or any other country can show a hundred-voice women's choir of such delightful tonal quality, or of like delicacy of finish.



ALMA KRAUSE

Who is to Sing at the Next Symphony Concert.



The coming of Harold Bauer, pianist, for two recitals, March 30 and April 6, at Simpson's Auditorium, is looked forward to with pleasure by local patrons of music. Of the few pianists to whom the term "great" might be applied, none more fully deserves the title than Bauer. A pupil of Paderewski,

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he owes to that great master a debt of gratitude for bringing to its highest development the musical genius which was early displayed. At the same time, it may justly be said that Bauer is in a large measure self taught. Even as a boy he showed rare musical instinct, and his rapid advance under distinguished European masters showed that he was of no mediocre calibre.

In Bauer's playing, his most noticeable characteristic is his exquisitely controlled temperament. While wrapt in his art, he has utter freedom from anything resembling display.

#### CONCERT OF MARCH 30.

1. Sonata Eroica, Op. 50, "Flos regum Arthus" (MacDowell, 1861.)

I—Slow, with mobility; II—Elf-like, as light and swift as possible; III—Tender, longing, yet with passion; IV—Fierce, and very fast.

2. Fantasiestucke, Op. 12, Des agends; aufschwung; warum, Grillen; In der Nacht; Fabel; Traumeswirren; Ende von Lied (Schumann, 1810-1856.)

3. (a) Prelude, Fugue and variations, Op. 18 (Cesar-Franke-Bauer, 1822-1890); (b) Polonaise in F Sharp Minor (Chopin, 1810-1849.)

4. (a) Air de ballet (Gluck-Saint-Saens); (b) Waldesrauschen (Liszt); (c) Variations upon a theme by Paganini (Brahms.)

#### CONCERT OF APRIL 6.

1. Sonata in G Minor, Op. 22, Presto; andante; scherzo; finale (Schumann.)

2. (a) Berceuse; (b) Etude, Op. 10, No. 4; (c) Fantasia, Op. 49 (Chopin.)

3. (a) Intermezzo, Op. 117, No. 1 (Brahms); (b) Barcarolle in F Minor, (c) "The Brook" (Rubinstein.)

4. (a) Impromptu in A Flat, Op. 142 (Schubert); (b) Etude in forme de valse (Saint-Saens.)

Director Harley Hamilton of the Los Angeles Symphony for eleven years has planned a program at the close of the season that would be a fitting finale for each Symphony season, and this year Mr. Hamilton resolved that the sixth Symphony concert should be the greatest artistic effort that the local organization has achieved in the eleven years of its existence. For the first time the symphony organization during its career finds itself possessed of sufficient number of members and instruments which would enable Conductor Hamilton to present in proper form a complete Wagner program.

During the past season Wagner numbers

have been given, but only those selections which fell in naturally with the outlying work. Next Friday afternoon the Overture to the Meistersinger and Tone Pictures from "Die Walkure" will be two of the leading numbers. Siegfried's Death and Funeral March from the Gotterdammerung is probably the most interesting number, and in addition to Wagner, two movements from the Fifth Symphony in E Minor by Tchaikowsky will be included. The soloist will be Alma Krausse, one of the most talented and youngest mezzo-soprano Wagnerian prima donnas now in America. Great interest is being shown by the musicians of the city in this concert, and Mr. Hamilton and his men should be greeted by the largest audience of the year. No advance in prices; the seat sale opening Monday.

Tetrazzini set a good example the other day to those musicians who give away their art for nothing. The Pleiades Club invited the diva to an elaborate dinner and made her the guest of honor. After the repast, there was an informal entertainment, and then the president arose and announced very gracefully: "Mme. Tetrazzini's singing can only be compared to that of a lark. She is the greatest song-bird that has ever visited America, and has no peer in the world. After the next number Mme. Tetrazzini will favor us with a song." Thereupon the peerless Tetrazzini got upon the platform, bowed, smiled, and said rather coldly: "Not this evening." American singers please copy.—Musical Courier.

Channing Ellery, who is the owner of the Ellery band, has prepared a pamphlet announcing the 1908 prospectus of the organization. The 1907 season consisted of fourteen weeks at the Hippodrome and Schlitz Park at Milwaukee, two weeks at the Jamestown Exposition and twelve weeks at the Coliseum, White City and Bismarck Park, Chicago. The band will unquestionably have a big summer season in the East this year.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

## Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

Here is where I fall into the real American and most expressive slang. One word only and that is "RUBBER." Did you chase out to see the Thomas car come into Los Angeles? Did you? Well, I am sorry if you did. For, if ever a dirty piece of press-agent meanness was thrown off on a smiling town waiting to welcome what it believed to be its national representative, that little bluff put up by this E. R. Thomas was it. I have never met E. R. Thomas and I cannot say that I have any desire to. In the beginning I admired him because he was willing to pay for a grand advertising scheme and do the thing properly. I recognize the advantage to be obtained from press notices, especially when the work is done by a press-agent who is onto his job (and goodness knows that precious few of them are). Thomas butted into the game and posed as the large American sportsman. That was good. By such means he would

have increased the sale of Thomas machines in the same proportion as did one Thomas Lipton of his teas. But Sir Tommy had the good business sense to keep up the "good sportsman" bluff. Thomas fell down. Since he was a small boy at school he has been inculcated with the great idea, "WIN AT ANY COST." When the car approached the Pacific Coast, after the disgraceful affair of the Colorado tunnel, he saw a chance to make great advertisement in Los Angeles, make many friends here and then pose as a most disappointed individual, at the same time being able to say "We beat them across the United States, showing that the Thomas car is the best for this country," whoever won out finally. The absurdity of the Thomas car losing its way where it is supposed to have done so is obvious to anybody who has ever been in that country. They had no more idea of coming to Los Angeles than I have of flying and you may feel mighty sure that E. R. Thomas knew it. He

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waited at Daggett with "supplies." I wish I could have seen those supplies. Let us make up the list for our own benefit. Thus "One can sardines, one bottle whiskey (for personal use), one gallon gasoline, one suit case containing personal effects, five hundred reams hot air for newspaper men." That, I think, would cover the list very effectually. Whichever car wins the race at whatever time, let us remember that the Thomas car was preceded by E. R. Thomas and that railroad companies and farmers discriminated in the most unsportsmanlike way against the foreign cars. Oh, we are a nation of sportsmen all right, but most of us spell sport with a big G. Ugh! I hate to talk about it and I can express my sentiments very well by an expression used by a French governess who ruled us when we were little kiddies: "Dégoutante Bete."

It is pleasant to turn from this Thomas beastliness and refer to an eastern manufacturer who is a good sportsman in every way. Edgar Apperson is that man and all of us who met him while he was here were impressed with that special characteristic in him. A proof of the kindly thoughtfulness, that goes with a good sportsman, came along with a letter to me from this same Edgar A. He took the trouble to read my account of the hill-climb and write to thank me for it. Everytime you inadvertently hurt somebody's feelings in print, along comes a big howl. But, when you happen to send through a well-worded appreciation of some sportsmanlike feat, do you get the big Thank You? Nay, nay, only once in a great while. But, when you do get it, then it makes you feel very good and you could never look upon the sender as anything but a grand man, even though he were sent to jail for burglary. That is the way I feel about Edgar Apperson and, if he sell as many Jack-rabbits as he deserves to, he will over-run this country as the little animals did in Australia.

Mr. Renton jokingly called me on my introduction of last week. He said that he was in doubt, after reading it, as to whether he or Harrison or Bill held the record to Fresno. Far be it from me to make a joke where real credit is due and I think that Mr. Renton has an apology coming to him. He it is who holds the record from here to Fresno and with a car that is coming rapidly to the fore. I do not have a chance to say very much about the Great Smith, but I have already told what I thought about it, and I pride myself that I do not boost a car when I cannot conscientiously do so. A proof of this growing popularity was shown recently when a man blew in from Rawhide and said that he had come to buy a Great Smith car and asked the hotel clerk where he could find the agency. I foolishly omitted to take down this wise man's name, but he is a real person and is going to use the car as a stage between Rawhide and some neighboring camps such as Fallon and Shurz.

Never do I meet E. Jr. Bennett in search of news but he lets drop a few little things that are, in their way, gems of thought. I had been into Batchelder's place and was comforted when I found that he was not in. I dread my next meeting with him on account of my scurrilous lampoon of last week. Across the street I was confronted

with a big sign to the effect that E. Jr. Bennett was buying and selling cars of all shapes and sizes and that the Anderson Machine Company was holding down the back part of the place. E. Jr. was sitting at the desk and slipped me the warm hand of welcome. He said a little about his new departure and then discoursed on business generally. "You know, Jack," he said, "this business of chasing after a man all the time in order to make a sale is very often entirely wrong. I went after a man last week and he was fairly over-wrought. 'Say,' he said, 'Can't you give a fellow a chance to eat and sleep? You pesky auto salesmen are after me like a flight of hornets.' 'All right,' I said, 'I'll give you a chance to eat and sleep and, when you have had your fill of each you will probably find time to come round and make a purchase!' He did, too, and I have found that, in many cases, when I run after a man I fail, while, when I wait some and give him a chance to come in at his own time, he will buy." Words of real wisdom, my dear Johnny, and well worth repeating.

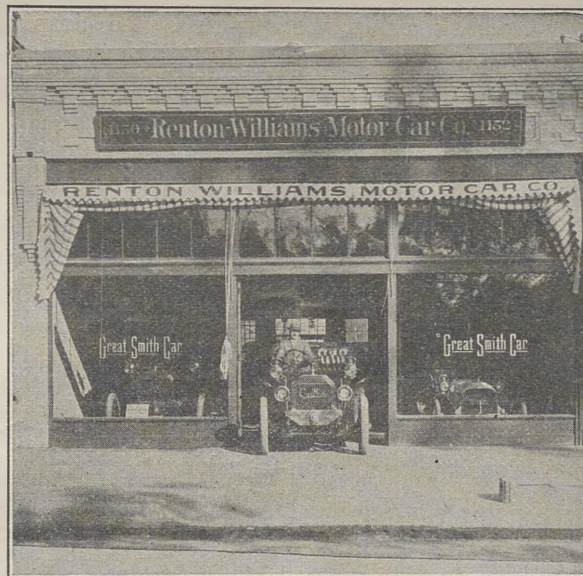
I went in to see Bill Bush and found him out, but the genial Thompson of the "Herald" was holding down a chair and a large smile at the same time. Recently this good quill-driver has taken unto himself a motorcycle of the sixty-mile an hour variety. He lives out in Pasadena and every evening, after he is through with the miserable old

*Tourist*  
AUTOMOBILES—  
Made in  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Streets  
"Better buy a Tourist than wish you had."

*Stearns*  
Motor Cars

WM. J. BATCHELDER & CO.  
12th and Main



The Great Smith Car

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL  
CAR OF THE YEAR -:-

Sounds Like a Heavy Blast—Maybe

We're Prepared to Prove It  
Drop Around and Be Convinced

RENTON & WILLIAMS  
MOTOR CAR CO.

1150-52 South Main Street

LOCOMOBILE  
1908

DEMONSTRATOR HAS ARRIVED

CARS FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Success Automobile Co.

E. E. CAISTER, Manager.

Corner Pico and Hill Sts.

Both Phones



grind, he mounts his fiery steed and flashes along through the roads like a streak of militant lightning. If ever you happen along that way about midnight and you see something that looks like a shooting star held in an inexorable earth-shaving orbit, don't think that you have seen an astronomical wonder, but put it down to Thompson. It is to this good writer that I must give credit for information that the road to Santa Barbara is being fixed up in good shape. The Casitas Pass is now suffering from the attacks of many graders and scrapers and the road in Ventura county is undergoing a thorough overhauling. This is due to the efforts of Thomas Clark, a Ventura county supervisor. It was this grand sportsman who had the road patrolled when Bill Ruess was coming through on his Pope-Hartford record run. He has a weak-spot for motorists and does his best to advance their interests. By doing this he is also advertising Southern California and Ventura county in particular. Thank you, Mr. Clark, we need many more such as you.

Ralph Hamlin is looking the same old happy, open-air, healthy-minded kiddie as ever but he has no news to give me, except the (really true in this case) talk about selling cars. Ralph is a trifle grouchy on the subject of the hill-climb and I think he has good reason. He did not get proper credit for the work he did. His was the only six-cylinder car in the races and, if memory serves me rightly, the only air-cooled car. He was up against a hard proposition when he tried to beat the Jack-Rabbit and the Stearns, and he did well. There were two races and his was a close third to these two cars in both cases, showing that neither was a fluke. Where the value, to him, of his exhibition comes in is that it clearly proves that an air-cooled car can climb a hill with the best of the water-coolers. It went far to prove the Franklin claim that the fan keeps the cylinders cool under hard conditions. And speaking of the Franklins, have you noticed their very clever advertisement in the magazines? The

HOME PHONE F 8002

WM. C. VAUGHAN

## DIAMOND MOTOR CAR CO.

Northern and Apperson  
Automobiles

1211-1213 SOUTH MAIN ST.

## FRANKLIN MOTOR CARS

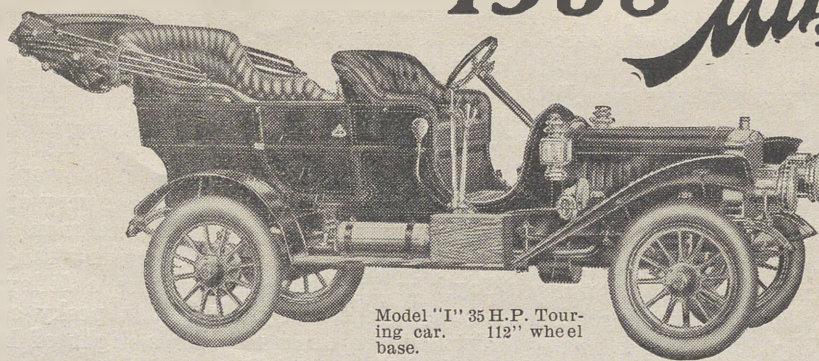
All Models Ready for Demonstration

R. C. HAMLIN

1806 S. Main St.

B4402

South 909



Model "I" 35 H.P. Touring car. 112" wheel base.

# 1908 Mitchell

Touring Car  
\$2200

### Equipped

The Mitchell Model "I" Touring Car is the equal of any car in the world selling at 25% more money. For speed, power, smooth running qualities and low cost of up-keep the Mitchell is superior to a great many cars costing up to double the price.

The Mitchell is the most economical car in the world—Buy this car and you'll be satisfied.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

**CREER-ROBBINS CO.** Cor. 15th and Main Sts.  
Phones: Broadway 5410; B 5813

picture shows the rear view of a car with a solid block attached to it by a chain. The block is marked to show weight and the caption says something about "No use to drag useless weight with you." The idea is very clever and whether it be a catch-word or not, is bound to catch many a possible purchaser. And I don't know that it is so much of a catch-word after all. I am beginning to believe that the Franklin Apperson idea of a lighter car is going to work out mighty well.

The ragged Muse has just flown in through a crack in the window-sash. Her inspiration is on a very distressing subject. Please forgive me, Bill, and blame it on the Muse:

### Bill Bush's Opening.

Oh, where is Bill Bush's opening  
He promised to hold in the Spring?  
Oh, where is that jollification?  
Alas! it is now on the wing.

Bill promised a splendid reception  
With music and coffee and tea.  
He said, "Don't await invitations  
Just come, boys, and charge it to me."

But now, though the doorway is open  
The jollification is dead;  
And I think that it perished a-borning  
And that was in Bill Bush's head.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

## Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, OF THE CORNISH-SEARL SYNDICATE

Bank stocks continue the softest securities in the local markets, with trading generally in all standard issues of every description at a low ebb. Such buying power as remains is certain to reap very large benefits after the depression has ended. Liquidation due to the muck raking panic of last October has been a thing of the past for more than six weeks, and the present stagnation is the result apparently of continued lack of confidence. Those having money are afraid to risk it in anything except real estate loaning and not much of that. This is the main reason according to New York advices for the recent phenomenal advances in Wall street. The country's metropolis is simply gorged with cash, and stocks are up where on their present purchase they pay not to exceed six per cent. Some I should not want at any price.

What quotations are made on local securities are bogus in the main, and those responsible should be brought up with a round turn by the governing board of the Los Angeles stock exchange. Widows and orphans who pay a high price for their holdings and see them marked down next day or week without cause may be induced to dump their securities because of such tactics. But they are apt to remain out of the market. I hear the next issue of the Los Angeles aqueduct bonds will be in denominations of \$200 each. Why not go the entire length of the experi-

ment? Make the bonds \$100 each if Pro Bono Publico and the hoi polloi are to be

### FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at Close of Business, February 14, 1908.

### RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts .....	\$ 9,512,260.02
Bonds, securities, etc. ....	2,699,852.33
Cash and sight exchange .....	4,302,876.44

**TOTAL** .....\$16,514,988.79

### LIABILITIES.

Capital stock .....	\$1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits .....	1,496,163.29
Circulation .....	1,250,000.00
Bonds Borrowed .....	145,000.00
Deposits .....	11,873,825.50
Other liabilities .....	500,000.00

**TOTAL** .....\$16,514,988.79

\*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

We recommend the purchase of Home Preferred, Home Common, Home 1st 5's U. S. Long Distance, Central Oil, Union Oil.

FIELDING J. STILSON CO.

305 H. W. Hellman Building

Telephones

Main 105

A5247



coaxed into buying the securities. For reasons which few of us are familiar with, public business seldom is done as is private business.

The State Building & Loan Association is now located in its new quarters at 223 South Spring street, the room formerly occupied by the German American Savings Bank.

A new national bank is to be opened at Estancia, N. M., with a capital stock of \$30,000. Frank Dibert is the organizer.

The Columbia Trust Company is the third

institution in this city to obey the recently-adopted clearinghouse rule requiring every bank to have \$200,000 capital. At a recent meeting of the board of directors it was decided to take this action. The capital was formerly \$100,000. The surplus fund of \$25,000 was also doubled.

A controlling interest in the First National Bank of Bisbee, Ariz., has just been purchased by J. M. Porter, president of the First National Bank of Globe, Ariz., with whom are associated A. M. Crawford of Los Angeles and W. D. Fiske of Globe. Messrs. Crawford and Fiske will have the active management of the bank.

The city of Wilmington has authorized the issuance of \$100,000 bonds for dredging and for water front improvements.

Burbank Union Hill district votes April 10 on an issue of \$34,000 for a new high school.

The Southern Trust Company has taken \$25,000 of the Owens River water bonds.

The board of supervisors of Los Angeles county will sell the \$8,000 issue of the Monrovia school district on March 30.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

## In the Literary World

Some forty years have passed since John Foster Kirk gave upward of seventeen hundred pages to the last reigning Duke of Burgundy, who strove to revive that "Middle Kingdom" that had been the share of the Carolingian dominions allotted to Lothair, whose name survives in Lotharingia (Lorraine). Since that time a great deal of material not then available has been brought out, and separate phases of the subject have been minutely and fruitfully discussed. There was room, therefore, if not a call, for a new and more concise treatment of the theme, and this we have in the volume entitled "Charles the Bold," by Ruth Putnam, which forms the latest addition to the "Heroes of the Nations" series which the Putnams are publishing. The author concedes in a preface that the admission of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, into such a series is justified rather by his national than his heroic qualities. In spite, however, of his failure to obtain either a kingly or an imperial crown, and in spite of the fact that his death was followed by the disintegration of his possessions, the story of his unaccomplished enterprises contains the germs of much that has happened later in the border lands of France and Germany which so long have been battle grounds. It is for this reason that a sketch of the Duke's character may fitly be placed among the portraits of individuals who have striven to change the map of Europe.

The nine essays collected in the volume entitled "The Old Dominion," by Thomas Nelson Page (Scribner's), deal with many periods and aspects of Virginian history from the settlement at Jamestown to the social and industrial conditions of the state since the civil war. All of the papers are well worth reading, because the author speaks from first hand knowledge or with the authority that belongs to independent research. On the whole, however, it seems that the most interesting part of the book is that which depicts Colonial life in Tidewater and Piedmont Virginia, and which reviews the causes and early stages of the colony's revolutionary movement against the mother country.

A great deal of valuable information concerning the actual and prospective condition of a country which occupies an important strategic position in eastern Asia will be found in the volume entitled "In Korea

With Marquis Ito" by George Trumbull Ladd, LL. D. (Scribner's). This is a record of personal observations and researches made by one who enjoyed extraordinary opportunities of gaining first hand and authoritative knowledge. Dr. Ladd recognizes in his preface peculiar obligations to Prince, formerly Marquis Ito, Japan's Resident-General in the Korean peninsula, for the unprecedented facilities for investigation which he enjoyed, and he also acknowledges a great debt to Mr. D. W. Stevens, who for some time was official "Adviser to the Korean Council of State and Counsellor to the Resident-General." He says, indeed, that without the painstaking assistance of Mr. Stevens in various ways the second part of this book, which is the more useful part, could never have appeared in its present form. The first and shorter part of this book is a narrative of personal observations of men and things in Korea. The second part, which comprises nearly 300 pages, has for its purpose to state in general terms the problem upon which it aims to throw light. This problem is concerned with the relations to be established permanently between Japan and Korea, a question which has for centuries been propounded in various imperative ways to both these nations. It is also a question which has several times disturbed deeply the entire Orient, and the recent phases of which have come near to upsetting the expectations and the deliberate plans of the entire civilized world. Under greatly and suddenly changed conditions to lay the foundations of a satisfactory and lasting peace, one of the greatest statesmen of the Far East is giving—with all his mind and heart—the later years of his eventful life. The author expresses the hope that his book may make his readers know somewhat better than they have known hitherto what the problem has been and is; and what Prince Ito, as Japanese Resident-General in Korea, is trying to accomplish for its solution.

A sympathetic and therefore in all likelihood a tolerably faithful portrait of one of the most successful and splendid adventurers in European history will be found in the book entitled "The Romance of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham" by Philip Gibbs (Putnam's). It is a mistake to call him, as the author does on the title page, the "first" Duke of Buckingham, for there had been a Duke of Buckingham in

the fifteenth century. When we speak of George Villiers as an adventurer, it is because we would distinguish him from other men of equally modest, though perhaps not humble, origin, who have risen to be great statesmen or great soldiers, like Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, Scotland and Ireland, and John Churchill, first duke of Marlborough. George Villiers did not live long enough to prove his title to be classed with statesmen or great captains, and we must relegate him therefore to the same category with Biron, who through the favor of the Czarina Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, became all powerful at the Russian court and sovereign Duke of Courland. Villiers was but 36 years old when he died; his valor was indisputable, and the history of his political conduct in his later years indicates that he was learning wisdom rapidly. Perhaps had he lived he would have saved his master's throne, and if not, he gladly would have perished with him. Hitherto, in almost all English histories, except Clarendon's account of the Rebellion, which is an illustrious exception, he has been made the target of deprecation and calumny. He has been painted too black, with the result that a reaction has inevitably set in among discriminating readers.

### Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Los Angeles, Cal., March 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Florence M. Mattingly, of 217 W. Avenue 37, Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of the Lots 3 and 4, and E. 1/2 of S. E. 1/4, of Section No. 11, in Township No. 2 N., Range No. 17 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Thursday, the 21st day of May, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Ferd Tetzlaff, Fred Graves, Ramona Miranda, Frank Miranda, all of Chatsworth, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 21st day of May, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
March 21-9t—Date of first publication, March 21-08.





If you had met  
me before you  
would have  
found me a  
fine, ripe Cali-  
fornia tomato  
hanging on the  
vine ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

*Bishop's  
Tomato Catsup*

15c and 25c bottles at  
all grocers.  
BISHOP & COMPANY

Children should have  
milk that you **KNOW**  
is absolutely pure

You are not giving your  
children the purest milk  
possible to procure if you  
don't give them

## LILY MILK

Can you afford to take chances?  
Using LILY MILK is even safer  
than using milk from your own cow.  
Lily Milk is sterilized, which ren-  
ders infection a scientific impossibility.  
Order from your grocer.

PACIFIC CREAMERY CO.  
LOS ANGELES



## PRESERVES

### Something New

Made in the foothills. Are differ-  
ent from others. They are made  
of FRUIT and CANE SUGAR—  
NOTHING ELSE.

ASK YOUR GROCER

Phoenix Brand  
Monrovia  
Foothill Preserves

## Los Angeles Ry. Co.

### HOW PASSENGERS CAN AVOID ACCIDENTS

There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of the car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off car while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the look-out for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired, communicate with conductor.

## THE EQUITABLE SAVINGS BANK

Strictly a Savings  
Institution

During the late financial stringency, we believe that none of the depositors of this bank suffered serious inconvenience, as every necessity, as far as known, was from the beginning amply and promptly cared for.

Checks were paid on "Special Ordinary" accounts at all times without interruption.

By January 1st conditions had so far improved that all restrictions on the withdrawal of money were removed.

Since that date all classes of deposits have been paid on demand, without requiring notice of withdrawal.

First and Spring Streets

**The Route**  
for  
**WINTER TRAVEL**  
via  
**New Orleans**  
and the Land of the Cotton  
and the Cane, and the  
Great Cities of  
the New South  
CITY TICKET OFFICE  
600 S. SPRING ST., Cor. Sixth  
SOUTHERN PACIFIC